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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 681

EDITORIALS:

The Flights and Commercial Aviation 684
Those Balkans 685
Has Poetry Retired? 685
Flappers Prefer—— 686

ADLOCKED! By Hendrik van Loon 687

HE NEGRO AND THE FLOOD. By Walter White 688

HANGHAI—INTERNATIONAL DANGER-SPOT. By Thomas F. Millard 689

HOTBED OF FEMINISTS. Anonymous 691

DELE, AND THE SWAMI, AND I. By T. Swann Harding 693

N THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 695

ORRESPONDENCE 695

OOKS AND PLAYS:

These for Your Hurt. By Herbert S. Gorman 697
One Against a Thousand. By Powers Hapgood 697
The Posthumous Sumner. By Lorine Pruette 698
Rimbaud. By Pierre Loving 699
France by a Journalist. By Thomas Compton 699
Love and Work. By Louis Fischer 700
Popular Race Science. By Florence Kiper Frank 700
A New World of Science. By Maynard Shipley 701
Books in Brief 701
Selections, Collections, Series, and Reprints 702
Drama: Summary—II. By Joseph Wood Krutch 702

NTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:

India and China. By D. N. Bannerjea 704
An American "Subject" in China 706

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TRIUMPHAL CELEBRATIONS unsurpassed in their magnitude, their spontaneous enthusiasm, their affectionate welcome, their demonstrations of justified national pride, have failed in Washington and New York to shake he poise, the simplicity, the modesty, and unaffected sincerity of Charles Lindbergh. By no act has he lowered the igh esteem in which all hold him. He has pretended to o oratory, assumed no universal knowledge, and indulged no preachments, but he has appealed for the future of vilian aviation along the lines of our leader of this week, hich was, of course, written before his article in the ew York *Times*. Hundreds of thousands have glimpsed is young man, drooping and bent with fatigue, who has ught the youth of America some of the finest lessons ever emplified by a single conspicuous individual. They have en him disdain wealth, accept honors not for himself but r the cause so dear to him, refuse to deck himself in the lonel's uniform the army was so eager to have him don, d bear himself precisely as a plain young American genman should. And like mother, like son. Mrs. Lindbergh, o, has won the hearts of everyone by her modest refusal to low herself to be exploited. Finally, the whole nation s been quickened and uplifted by its ability to spend self without a dissenting voice in a great wave of enthusiasm for an individual, with no cleft of politics, or theology, or class feeling, and no regret, as so often, that here was a hero who builded his fame on the death of multitudes.

WHILE WE WERE ALL REJOICING in the fact that, as Charles Evans Hughes has put it, Charles Lindbergh typified the spirit of America in its best aspects, came the news from Mississippi of an act of fiendishness possible only in the United States. A mob of one thousand American citizens—not foreign-born immigrants or recent arrivals from "the slums of Europe"—took two Negroes, brothers, from the hands of the sheriff, tied them to a telegraph pole, poured gasoline over them, and burned them alive. Their screams were so terrible that one member of the mob had a momentary impulse of humanity and tried to beat out the flames. The sadists near by promptly restrained him. Their victims were not guilty of the "usual crime"—rape. They were merely charged with having shot to death in a quarrel the white superintendent of a sawmill which employed them—and they had not been proved guilty. They were not seeking to escape; they were in the hands of the law. But, as usual, "the sheriff fired in the air." Equally as usual, "because of the darkness, the officers were unable to recognize any members of the band." If Mississippi does not find a way to identify the members of the mob and punish them then the argument for a federal lynching law once more becomes unanswerable.

IT WILL SOON BE TIME to form a society for the protection of Calvin Coolidge—everybody is beginning to throw brickbats at him. Here is Will Rogers saying that most people who go to the Black Hills go to hide something or to get away from something, and that Mr. Coolidge has more to get away from than anybody else who ever went there. What can he mean by that? Next there are growls because Mr. Coolidge did not rejoice properly or quickly enough about Captain Lindbergh, and there are some persons mean enough to say that it was outrageous to bring the great flier back and take him to Washington so that the President would not have to shorten his vacation by a single day. Then there is the Levine episode. When the President cabled his congratulations to Chamberlin he never mentioned Levine and the Jewish press declares this economy of words was quite too parsimonious. Now the navy has a grievance. It prepared the great review for him and ninety-seven men-of-war passed before him. The newspapers with their usual kindliness to the President told how he stood on the bridge and saw every ship roar its tribute and then sent his message "Well done." But the report reads, after twenty minutes "he left the bridge and retired to a couch in the stern of the boat, where for two hours he could neither see nor be seen." The navy is furious. But we—well, we have a simple explanation. Our guess is that Mr. Coolidge had merely failed to take a certain famous sea-sickness remedy before starting on his cruise.

THE RICHMOND *NEWS LEADER* is another one of the skeptics as to the greatness of the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." It points

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out that the refunding of the second Liberty Loan on a basis of 3⅜ per cent has been made possible by the great acquisition of wealth immediately after the war, with which Mr. Mellon has had nothing to do. It admits that Mr. Mellon's handling of our maturing government obligations has been good, but it calls attention to the record made by the Treasury immediately after the Civil War. During that struggle the government had to pay 5 and 6 per cent, even 7.3 per cent, interest in the dark summer of 1864. By 1874, however, only nine years after Appomattox, just after the dire panic of 1873, the government negotiated some demand loans of 3 per cent, had refunded part of the war debt at 4 per cent, and had issued $200,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds to take the place of higher loans which were called. More than that, in that same year the United States bonds stood at from 111 to 122. The average of the refunding in 1874 was 1 per cent less than on the original bonds. Says the *News Leader:* "Mr. Mellon has not been able to make a better record. . . . The average of the refunding has not been as much as 1 per cent under the average interest on the original bonds, which was the figure attained in the corresponding year after the war between the States."

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN H. RUSSELL, American High Commissioner in Haiti, is returning to Washington, the newspapers announce, with Dr. W. Cumberland, the Financial Adviser and General Receiver, to discuss with the State Department an irrigation project, sponsored by Illinois financier-politicians, which will open up 100,000 acres for "development." The Chicago *Tribune* correspondent adds that

> General Russell is anxious to prove to Secretary Kellogg the complete failure of Haitian justice, the administration of which is not covered by treaty. He declares that it is impossible at present for Americans and other foreigners to conduct cases in the courts, and that they always lose because the judges and juries raise the color issue.

What more damning revelation of the lies of marine-corps publicity could be made? The Haitians are contented under American rule, peace and happiness reign, they say. But the Haitian judges and juries are uniformly anti-American. Every self-respecting Haitian is anti-American today. The Americans brought the color line with them, and of course it turns against them. Americans actually had the insolence to force Haitian hotelkeepers to refuse to receive their own dark-skinned countrymen in the main dining-rooms of the hotels! Today, all over Haiti, men are protesting against the Rodenberg Concession which General Russell and Dr. Cumberland are sponsoring. Doubtless some of them will be put in jail. Doubtless the editors of the protesting Port au Prince newspapers will be among the jailed, as they have been in the past. And probably Washington will continue to ratify the arbitrary acts of its agents and puppets in Haiti. The real test must come in January. Will Washington permit Haiti to have a free election then—the first since American marines landed twelve long years ago?

"NATION SHALL NOT LIFT SWORD against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." These are noble words and come from the Bible, ordinarily safe from the blue pencil of the censor, but Major Henry Adams, chairman of the United Veterans Board of Plainfield, N. J., does not like them. They have been carved in bronze at th base of Plainfield's war memorial, and besides agitating th veterans in general they have moved Major Adams to thi expression of his disgust:

> It's that line—"shall not learn war any more"—that we object to mainly. It just isn't the kind of thing for the younger generation growing up to read—it is pacifistic, that's what it is. We stand for preparedness, the kind shown by our marines and sailors in China in this recent trouble.

It is interesting to record, however, that the inscriptio was selected by Edward Sacker, a young man who had bee a captain in the World War; the monument has been pr sented to the City Council, subject to the approval of th trustees of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church, owne of the plot on which the column stands. The Rev. Dr. Joh J. Moment, pastor of the church, is quoted as earnestly hoj ing "that the City Council will not put itself in the ridicu lous position of formally requesting permission . . . t change the inscription." Here, then, is a soldier, Mr. Sacke who learned something from the recent bloody conflict, ar a minister who reads his Bible and believes it. It is th professional head-hunters, the irrepressible "patriots" wh will never learn from experience and who will not believ the evidence of their own eyes.

AT BOSWORTH the British Liberals won their th by-election in ten days. The election was fought c the issues of the Tory trade-union bill and the break wit Russia, and the result surprised almost everybody. Th seat had been safely Tory; but Labor, although runnin third at the last election, had hoped to capture it. Instea the Liberal candidate nosed his way into first place by 2, votes, with the Tory more than 4,000 votes behind. Do this mean that British Liberalism, under the leadership Lloyd George, is awakening to new life? At least it mark a halt in the progressive decline of that historic part Labor, meanwhile, consoles itself with the fact that th Cooperative Union Congress, in a close balloting, voted def nitely to affiliate with the Labor Party. But Cooperati candidates have long acted in alliance with Labor, and whi the congress vote may mean more funds for Labor it wi hardly bring many new voters to the Labor standard. Th Tories, too, have their consolation. Successive defeats i by-elections may prove their unpopularity in the countr but their majority in Parliament is still so vast and th Tory members are so docile and disciplined that the Go ernment can push through any measure it likes, whatev the wishes of the country.

INDIA HAS SHOWN little gratitude over the latest ma of British protection and generosity. Although the I dian constitution cannot be changed until 1929, and India have often been told that it was useless to hope for a greater measure of independence before that time, the Bri ish Parliament has just passed a bill which modifies th constitution to the extent of creating a national navy f India. Indian boys are eligible for appointment as office at the rate of one a year. The Indians are ungratef enough to point out that agreements for naval disarmame prevent England from maintaining as large a fleet as certain circumstances she might wish in Eastern wate and that this Indian navy, by the terms of the bill, can used for imperial purposes with only the consent of the Go

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ernor General. Labor members, among them Mr. Pethick-Lawrence and Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy, tried to have the bill amended so that the fleet could not be taken out of Indian waters without the consent of the Indian Legislature, and so that the expense when it was used for imperial purposes should be borne by the imperial treasury. Lord Winterton declared that this suggestion was an insult to Indian patriotism, which should not be deprived of the right to make a generous contribution, and so forth. So the amendments were overwhelmingly defeated. In its final form the bill contains one safeguard for Indian interests: when the Royal Indian Navy is used for any other purpose than Indian defense, India shall not pay the bill without the consent of both houses of the *British* Parliament!

Negro Boy Runaway

A small colored boy about 14 years old ran away from his home near Stapleton Jan. 4th. Anyone seeing him will please notify me and hold him untill I arrive. I will pay reward. I object to anyone useing him.
Roy Haines, Stapleton, Ga.
Rt. 1 Box 16

THE INTERESTING LITTLE ADVERTISEMENT printed above was not, devoted reader, taken from the Richmond *Enquirer* of, say, May 2, 1849, or even the Charleston *Courier* of possibly April 16, 1855. One of those worthy papers has long since gone to its reward, and the other has changed its name. But on January 27, 1927, which, if we are not taking leave of our senses, is the current year, the *Jefferson Reporter*, a weekly, published at Wrens (population about 1,500), Georgia, carried, without comment, the item we reproduce. It has been suggested that it was the plea of an irate father for his son, and as such faintly justifiable. We doubt it. It may have been the request of some one who never heard of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. We doubt that, too. In Georgia, as in other parts of the South, these amendments are not unknown. But systematically, repeatedly, in the most diverse and ingenious ways, and with a persistence that would do credit to a far better cause, they are ignored.

UPTON SINCLAIR LOVES A FIGHT as well as anybody alive, and in his conflicts he never fails to be on the side of justice, liberty, and—paradoxically—even peace. This time he is fighting the Boston censors who have removed from sale his book "Oil" on the ground that it is obscene. Other books have been banned in Boston, notably "Elmer Gantry" and "An American Tragedy," but to date Mr. Sinclair alone has decided to fight for his rights as H. L. Mencken fought the suppression of the *American Mercury*. Two Sinclairs, father and son, are making "Oil" a test case, twenty-five-year-old David being offered as Exhibit A to prove that his father's books are not corrupting or indecent. Last Sunday on Boston Common the police presented themselves as Exhibit B, attempting to harass Mr. Sinclair. Unfortunately, his permit to speak was in good order, the speakers were willing, to the delight of the crowd, to push the automobile off the Common, thus not being guilty of driving it, and loud guffaws of laughter greeted the policeman who pulled out his watch and gave the crowd five minutes to disperse or be charged with inciting a riot. Mr. Sinclair left the scene amid the cheers of the spectators. The police departed by the back door. It is difficult to deal with a man who so patently pines to be arrested. It almost makes a policeman seem ridiculous, and even in Boston that must, if possible, be avoided.

ROLAND HAYES, the famous Negro tenor and one of the most interesting figures in the world of music, has decided to build a school for his people near Calhoun, Georgia. With no family to support, with wealth rolling in upon him, he has hit upon this means of erecting a memorial to the mother who was so devoted to him, so fearful that his taking up singing as a profession might lead him into bad company and bad ways, who unfortunately died just before he became one of the foremost male singers of the world. He wishes, he says, to build a school "as enduring as her great gifts to me," and he wishes to make his tribute in the high standard of instruction provided. There are plenty of Negro schools in the South adequately equipped with bricks and mortar, bedrooms and schoolrooms and trade-shops, and all the rest, but there are far too few in which the standards are of the highest. For decades past we have longed for someone to appear who had the means to make a model rural school for Negroes with an attendance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred children; who would not be compelled to spend his time going hat in hand to beg for doles to keep the school alive, but could make an institution physically perfect in every particular, with the best teachers to be had. Such a school could exercise a tremendous influence all through the South by setting standards for the managers of every similar undertaking, whether for blacks or whites. We do not know whether this is Mr. Hayes's plan; we do know that he has hit upon one of the finest types of memorials and one that does credit alike to his heart and to his head.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH Francis Grierson died in California are among the most melancholy that can occur in literary life. Famous, the author of many useful and beautiful books, and the recipient of international honors as a musician, Francis Grierson had yet passed the years of his eighth decade—he died at 79—in poverty and virtual obscurity. Waldemar Tonner, his secretary for forty-one years, had struggled with him to the end, and doubtless he enjoyed some local repute as a lecturer after he had long ceased to have much to say; but for the most part he was desperately alone. The tide which once supported him had ebbed away. His experience had been rich. Born in England, he had spent his boyhood in Illinois where he had heard Lincoln debate with Douglas and whence he went to serve as page to General Fremont in the Civil War. Then to Europe, where he achieved a name as pianist, literary critic, economist, and psychologist, and where he enjoyed the friendship of some of the greatest living men. Then to America once more to serve as lecturer, reviewer (for *The Nation* among other periodicals), and biographer of his hero, Lincoln. And now dead in Los Angeles lodgings. Until the Golden Age returns it seems likely that only the luckiest of artists will ever spend their last years serenely.

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The Flights and Commercial Aviation

THERE has been nothing in his whole attitude more praiseworthy than Charles Lindbergh's continuous stressing of his belief that the importance of his achievement lies not in what may be called his "stunt," but in the effect of his trip upon commercial aviation. It is really a misfortune that his stay abroad has been cut short by the royal orders from Washington. Since he will hereafter speak on aviation matters with greater authority than any other American, it would have been all to the good could he have stayed and seen for himself how far ahead of us European commercial aviation is. If he can finally be freed from public adulation and be allowed once more to take up a normal course in life it would be well worth while indeed if he could go abroad and watch the commercial flying for a time. No one else, not even the President, could do as much to draw the attention of Americans to their backwardness in this field.

Mr. Levine, it is reported, desires to found a two-million-dollar company to institute transoceanic flying at once. That, it seems to us, is going too fast. Years of experimentation and study are essential to any such undertaking and above all a most careful examination of the records of the Imperial Airways, the great English company, and the German Lufthansa, the most successful and the safest of European air companies. The development of the modern automobile did not come overnight; because of the greater risks to life and limb that of the airplane is bound to be slower. Progress can only be made if science and experience go hand in hand. We have learned much from the two transatlantic flights, but there is an enormous body of knowledge still to be acquired before anybody should start a regular transoceanic service. Take the question of sleet, for instance, that deadly menace to fliers which probably cost the lives of Nungesser and Coli. How is that to be met? By electrical devices, as Colonel Lindbergh is reported to have suggested to M. Blériot? But more than the question of any single hazard is the fact that, unlike France, Germany, and England, we have, outside of our mail service, no group of trained commercial fliers.

A rush into transatlantic flying would attract the foolhardy, but it might by a series of untoward happenings put back by years the actual coming of regular traffic. We would remind our readers that immediately after the sensational first flight of Hawker across the Atlantic the New York *Times* said, on June 17, 1919: "We now know that any well-engined airplane can fly the Atlantic in clear and fair weather, with a competent pilot at the wheel. The task set inventors is to provide a plane that can get across in any but the most tempestuous conditions, and there will follow a regular air service." How astonished that editorial writer must be to recall his words and ponder upon the fact that we have had to wait eight years for another non-stop Atlantic flight. The press at that time was teeming with announcements of the immediate coming of regular ocean lines. In July, 1919, it was declared that a Zeppelin line would start in October. Vickers, Ltd., the great British arms company, was announced as the head of a huge English combination of capital to start immediately transatlantic services and cross-European routes. That company went so far as to discuss the value of various American towns, such as Atlantic City, for air ports. Vickers eve announced a provisional fare of $240 for a passenger fro England to New York, with mail rates at 3½ pence a ounce, the service to be by airships of the Zeppelin typ with a speed of sixty miles an hour. As the world is awar nothing of the kind has happened. A year ago there wa announced a Zeppelin service from Germany via Spain t South America, to be ready in the coming fall. That, to seems to have died aborning. A number of American com panies have been founded to maintain passenger lines i this country—only to disappear. One has recently bee started and two others have been functioning for som time, but we are still far removed from such a service a that offered by the German Lufthansa.

Yet we have no doubt that if American energy an enterprise and capital will set themselves to this task w shall take the lead in this field precisely as we have in th automobile industry. But each particular problem must b studied by itself. For instance, it is a flying boat that needed for cross-seas traffic, and not a land airplane. A nouncement that the British Admiralty has perfected flying boat, equipped with masts and sails so that it m keep the sea and progress on the water if its engines go o of commission, may be a long step in the right directio Again, in the London *Nation*, Oliver Stewart points ou that besides the stability and safety of the engine there still a great deal to be done for the comfort of the passenge He believes that the airplane has reached the necessar degree of safety and that the failure of the public to patro ize the British air lines in large numbers is due to the u comfortable vehicles in which the passenger has to ride. H declares that fourteen passengers are often compressed in cabins suitable for only four, and adds that "one, two, three hundred miles an hour are no paregoric for the strai waistcoat seat and the coffin cabin." Sir Samuel Hoare, th British War Minister, who recently flew with Lady Hoa from London to Delhi, has pointed out that not only mu the traveler seek a hotel every night, but that during th flight he is confined to his chair. Much experimentation needed, and we again acclaim the generosity of Daniel Gu genheim, who recently donated a half million dollars the Guggenheim School of Aviation at New York Unive sity. There, and at the Massachusetts Institute of Tec nology, problems of enormous importance to the future flying are being worked out, and invaluable data are beir collected and filed.

Indubitably we have made some progress. It is som thing to have an Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Com mercial Aviation. The air mail has already paid incredib large dividends in Chamberlin and Lindbergh. There is n difficulty in finding young men to carry on the services tha exist. None the less, we repeat that there is still a gre need of additional emphasis on the commercial airplane an the flying ship. Everybody in America seems to wish map out the remainder of Charles Lindbergh's life for hi We have no such ambition, but if we could earmark two three of his years we should dedicate them to propagan on behalf of commercial flying. There is no country in th world, save only Russia, that could profit more by it, f this remains the country of magnificent distances.

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Those Balkans

EUROPE has been suffering a series of mild earthquake shocks, and wondering whether they marked a process settling down or indicated a new era of activity on the art of the row of political volcanoes along her Eastern ontiers. The Anglo-Russian break sent a war shudder ross the Continent; there followed another of Mussolini's ber-rattling speeches, then a new Albanian crisis and Rumanian coup d'etat; and now the Soviet Ambassador Poland has been assassinated.

Poland and Russia have speedily made up their minds peace. Poland is loading the diplomatic couriers with pologies, regrets, and explanations; and Russia, despite itvinov's note, seems to be turning her wrath against Engnd. England, the Soviet leaders say, is really responsible r the current convention that ordinary laws do not apply Russians. The defiance of law in the British-inspired id on the Soviet Legation grounds in Peking and the ritish raid on the Soviet offices in London seems to have d Russian monarchists to believe that they could even go far as to murder Russian officials with impunity. There ay be something in the theory; but it verges on the realm diplomatic psychoanalysis, which is unsteady ground. id, if the reports be true, it is unfortunate that the Rusns' nerves have been frayed to the extent of indulging in ore political executions. All Europe needs a return to rmal. Britain's anti-Bolshevik spree nullified the good fect of Russian participation in the Geneva conferences; id Russia's own excesses may still further deepen the gulf hich separates her from the rest of Europe.

However, it is in the Southeast of Europe, in that rennial hatching-ground of wars, the Balkans, that the noke conceals real fire. One never knows just how seously to take the words of a paranoiac like Mussolini; ey may mean nothing more than a small boy's excess of od spirits. But even if he does not mean his own words riously, some of his nervous neighbors may take them so. e has just shouted:

> We must, at a given moment, be able to mobilize five million men, thoroughly armed; we must strengthen our navy; and our air fleet, in which I believe more and more, must be on such a large scale and so powerful that the noise of its motors will surpass every other noise and its wings will obscure the sun from our land. Then, when, between 1935 and 1940, we shall reach the vital moment of European history, we shall be able to make our voice heard and to see at last that our rights are acknowledged.

nce Mussolini's idea of Italian rights occasionally seems involve restoration of the entire Roman Empire, such eeches are disturbing. A few days after this oration ussolini was able to continue the Italian conquest of Alnia. The Albanians arrested an interpreter attached to e Serbian Legation in their capital, Tirana; the Serbs, eing behind this arrest the hand of Italy, demanded his ease; Albania refused; the Serbs broke off diplomatic reions. Since the negotiation of the Treaty of Tirana (see e International Relations Section of *The Nation* for Janry 12) Albania is no longer an independent nation; Italy her guardian, and shares in any dispute she enters; and Austen Chamberlain's refusal, at the time of the last lo-Serb dispute, to permit this treaty to be brought bee the League, has given it an unusual sanctity. The net result of the recent outburst is that Italy has tightened her grip on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean.

There are signs, however, that England is tiring of Mussolini. He is an uncertain friend and an exigent ally. No one in Europe knows just what Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand said to each other when they were closeted together in London in May, but their meeting was too elaborately staged, simultaneously with King George's elaborate welcome to the French President, to be a mere formality. And one cannot be friends, in Europe today, with both Italy and France. A week after these meetings the Rumanian overturn occurred, and the Government which had been selling itself to Italy was replaced by one with closer ties to France.

Balkan politics are too involved for any American to understand them or for any two Europeans to agree about them, but certain trends seem to be defining themselves. Hungary and Italy, both in the hands of irresponsible autocrats greedy for more territory, are drifting into a natural alliance. Rumania, hitherto Italy's staunch ally, cannot be friends with Hungary's friends, and is returning to its old allegiance to the Little Entente, more or less under French inspiration. Italy is seeking everywhere for allies which may help it to dominate Southeastern Europe, and is ready to growl and shake a sword and even run the risk of war at any time that Mussolini sees any chance to gain a point or win prestige or limelight as a result of it. Italy has sought to destroy the growing Serb-Bulgar friendship, to hem in Jugoslavia and Austria by an alliance with the Hungarian despots, to win a new field for exploitation in Rumania, and to expand its boundaries in North Africa at the expense of France. The Fascists regard French Savoy and French Tunis, as well as an indefinite area in the Balkans, as part of Italia irredenta. With England's support, they have just succeeded in one forward move. There is no telling where Mussolini may break loose next.

Has Poetry Retired?

A RECENT editorial in the *Saturday Review of Literature* expressed a representative opinion when it spoke of American poetry today as something which, after a brief period of eminence, had sunk back into furtive solitude. We hear this on every side, and we wonder what it means. The reference, of course, is to that "renaissance" which is supposed to have befallen poetry around the year 1912, and which was marked by the emergence of such figures as Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, and, considerably later on, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Edwin Arlington Robinson had emerged more than a decade earlier and had stood for a time alone; but even Mr. Robinson began thenceforth to receive attention of the sort which no poet might have received between 1900 and 1910. T. S. Eliot was lurking in the background with Ezra Pound, to steal forth after the war and become a teacher around whom dozens of pupils should devotedly collect. Now, say the *Saturday Review* and other critical voices, a dearth is upon us. The poets of the great decade are growing middle-aged, their juniors are merely piping to themselves in secret corners, and in general we are faced with the prospect of a period in which no major note will be struck. Intensity, beauty, and truth are conceded to certain of our younger poets; but not the major note.

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What is meant by "major" here? We believe that it refers not to anything at all that has to do with poetry as such—if poetry can be "as such"—but to a special kind of subject matter which the poets of the renaissance were so lucky as to discover. This was hopeful and positive subject matter; it had a sociological tinge; and it was accepted as important because it was closely connected with the life of institutions and affairs. It was of liberal or radical persuasion, but that did not matter, because the poets who employed it did, after all, seem to say that American life was worth attacking and improving. Edgar Lee Masters was bitter about Spoon River, and in his epitaphs disposed forever of the sweet village of late Victorian legend; but he talked also of Liberty, Justice, Virtue, and Truth. Carl Sandburg shouted approval of the new life he saw and heard everywhere in Chicago. Vachel Lindsay struck the cymbals of joy as he prophesied the glory that should some day be Springfield, Illinois. Now these men were good poets, and still are. The point is that they were acclaimed by a crowd of critics who did not care greatly for poetry, but who thought they did, and seized upon volumes which dealt with big, newsy, recognizable themes as evidence that poetry had at last become "important." Poetry, they said, had learned how to "grapple" with the "problems" of "real" American "life." In other words, it said what prose was saying.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's definition of poetry as something which says what cannot be said was doubtless unknown to these critics, but it would have meant little anyway. It happens to be an excellent definition, and it happens also to apply with particular accuracy to much of the recent poetry that the *Saturday Review* dismisses as minor. The word "minor," incidentally, is a poor word to use in the assessment of poetic ideas. It properly means lesser, which in poetry means shorter, and should be resorted to only when a distinction is being made between, say, epics and lyrics. Epics, good or bad, are major poems because they are long; Milton's "Lycidas," a good poem, is minor because it is short. But if the word must be brought in when ideas are being discussed, it is unfortunate that criticism should almost universally take the line that only happy or hopeful ideas are major. The trend in contemporary American poetry is so completely pessimistic, or at least so deeply skeptical, that criticism seems incapable of discovering the ideas which express this pessimism and this skepticism. While a group of women poets, notably Louise Bogan, Leonie Adams, Laura Riding, Edna St. Vincent Millay in one of her incarnations, Babette Deutsch, Genevieve Taggard, Clinch Calkins, and Idella Purnell, are refining upon the themes of barrenness, frigidity, and locked, incommunicable passion, men here and there are saying that there are no ideas in the modern world to support them as they exercise the poetic faculty. T. S. Eliot, Hart Crane, Allen Tate, Archibald MacLeish, John Crowe Ransom, and others reveal a desolate waste land of the intellect—one so forbidding and difficult that it is no wonder most critics dismiss it as unworthy of the muse. But it is not that. It is distinctly interesting, and these poets are doing rememberable work. So are others who, without turning to the contemporary confusion of ideas for their subject matter, more or less admit it by confining their efforts to intimate, out-of-the-way matters of emotion. So, too, of course, are such men as William Ellery Leonard and Robinson Jeffers, who happen to have written major poems; but "Two Lives" and "Tamar" are pessimistic.

Flappers Prefer——

THEODORE DREISER took third place in a recent questionnaire as the favorite author of certain young lady students at San Jose State Teachers College. And lest it be thought that he gave place to, say, Shakespeare and Milton, it must hurriedly be admitted that Elinor Glyn stood first with Michael Arlen as second choice. Then followed in order Shakespeare, Louis Bromfield, Katherine Brush, Joseph Conrad, Ethel M. Dell, Philip Gibbs, Peter B. Kyne, de Maupassant, Margaret Pedler, and Booth Tarkington. It is evident from this list both that the younger generation has catholic tastes and that it reads widely. One suspects that Shakespeare ranked as high as he did more out of duty than out of inclination. Common gossip has so long called him the greatest of English writers that even the younger generation has heard of him. And in their frankly avowed preference for Elinor Glyn we see a refreshing disregard of authority, which after all is the first mark of thought.

Other marks of thought were contained in the questionnaire's replies: 93 per cent of the students favored recognition of Russia by the United States, 89 per cent were opposed to a war with China, and 85 per cent were against a conflict with Mexico. This is strange enough when the periodical reading matter of the questionnees is considered for 21 per cent choose *College Humor* as their favorite magazine, 16 per cent the *Cosmopolitan*, 13 per cent *Good Housekeeping*, 7 per cent the *Atlantic Monthly*, and 4 per cent each the *American*, *Whiz Bang*, *Vogue*, and the *National Geographic*. Duty cannot account for the political opinions expressed above; certainly the magazines listed cannot account for them either. Possibly 100 per cent of the student body bootlegs *The Nation*. Wherever they get their opinions 71 per cent accept the theory of evolution and 23 per cent call themselves atheists.

In affairs of the heart the young ladies were not as cynical as the modern flapper is popularly supposed to be. Seventy-two per cent believed that love continues after marriage. And they wrote themselves down as seeking in the man they would marry, first, personality; second, wealth; third, looks. Even "petting," that mooted modern vice, was welcomed by 68 per cent of the young women, but was tolerated in nearly all cases only with the "right one." And 91 per cent of the answers expressed a wish for, nay, an expectation of, matrimony as a career.

All this shows conclusively that youth must be served or that our young people are going to the dogs, or that after all, one generation of young ones is just about like any other, according to one's individual preference in the matter. If there seems to be a certain freshness and heartiness about these young persons, we, at least, find it attractive. They have minds of their own, they are not afraid they are willing to accept life as it seems to be and to make a cheerful best of it. Has youth always been as fair and as frank? Possibly. Possibly only middle age is reticent crabbed, intolerant, lacking both the violent enthusiasm of youth and the acquiescence of old age. Ten or fifteen years from now it will be interesting to inspect what remains of the flapper of today. Will she still cut her hair and walk with a free swing; will she still be able to hold her own in an argument, to manipulate a typewriter with one hand and a young hopeful with the other, so to speak? Or will she still prefer Elinor Glyn to Shakespeare?

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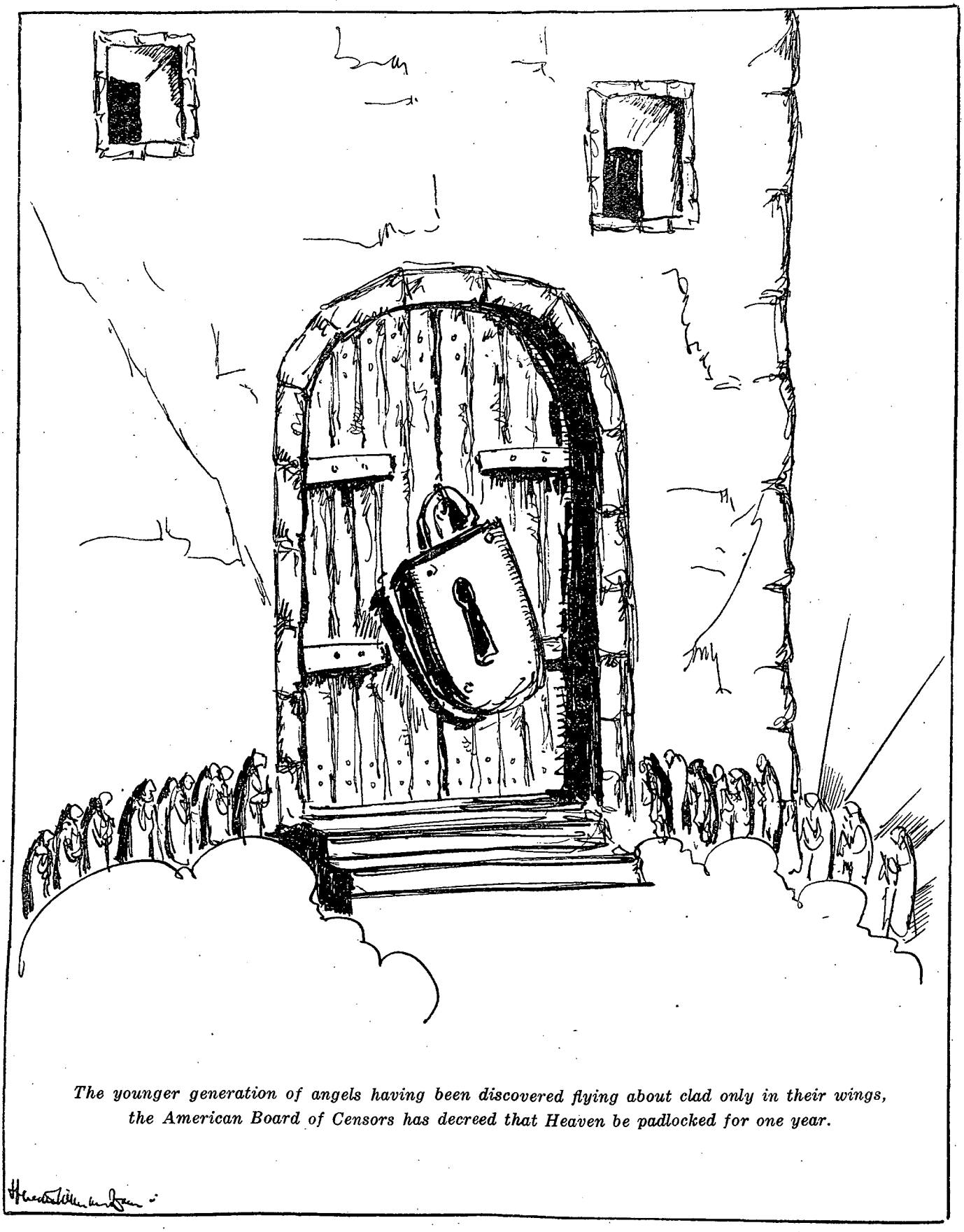

The younger generation of angels having been discovered flying about clad only in their wings, the American Board of Censors has decreed that Heaven be padlocked for one year.

Padlocked!

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The Negro and the Flood

By WALTER WHITE

THOSE familiar with the history of the South would expect cause for complaint regarding the treatment of Negroes in the areas recently inundated by the Mississippi River—the more so because the flooded areas in Mississippi and Arkansas include few towns of any considerable size but are composed of great plantations employing scores or even hundreds of Negro laborers.

A recent tour which I made through the flooded districts, however, brought many surprises, not the least of these being that there was a greater measure of fairness in the administration of flood relief so far as Negroes are concerned than reports had given ground for expecting. Inevitably, there were numerous minor causes for complaint by colored refugees, but on the whole Negroes were being given food, clothing, shelter, and medical attention little different from that given to whites. Army cots, for example, were often given to whites, first, and to Negroes only after the whites had been fully supplied. There were instances, too, where the choicest clothing was distributed in the white camps and the left-overs given to Negroes. The Red Cross, however, with commendable diligence had seen to it that Negroes should have an essentially fair deal.

One enslaving custom more or less generally followed, however, is likely to do lasting harm. To understand this situation thoroughly one should know the background. As has already been said, the flood areas consist in the main of large plantations, owned in many instances by absentee landlords and worked on the share-cropping or tenant-farming system. Particularly in the States of Mississippi and Arkansas, where these share croppers and tenant farmers are Negroes, it is rare for Negroes to obtain fair settlements from their landlords. They live in a state of virtual peonage, and the flood situation has been used to strengthen their chains.

It is worth while recalling the famous riot in Phillips County, Arkansas, reported in *The Nation* for December 6, 1919. That county is in the flood area today. In 1919 the Negroes there organized a society through which they planned to pool their meager resources and to use the dues paid by the members to retain a white lawyer to represent them in the courts in obtaining settlements for their crops. Word was sent forth that these Negroes had organized instead to "massacre white people and seize their land." Mobs poured into Phillips County, and, to quote the decision of the United States Supreme Court, "a number of colored people assembled in their church were attacked and fired upon by a body of white men, and in the disturbance that followed a white man was killed. The report of the killing caused great excitement and was followed by the hunting down and shooting of many Negroes." Seventy-nine Negroes were arrested, given a farcical trial, and twelve of them were condemned to death, while the remainder were sentenced to long prison terms. Subsequently the cases of these men were taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and there the convictions were reversed, and the men were eventually freed. The case was a revealing picture of peonage conditions in this area.

There enters into the flood situation, also, the great migration of Negroes from the South during the past decade. Drawn into the North on the one hand by industrial opportunities, safeguarding of life from attacks by mobs, and educational advantages, and on the other hand driven out of the South by oppressive conditions, some two million Negroes have left the South. Plantation owners in the flood area were highly apprehensive lest they lose their Negro labor when the flood caused abandonment of plantations.

It is in the handling of this problem of labor that legitimate ground for complaint is to be found. In many of the refugee camps Negroes are carefully guarded, and when the flood recedes and the land dries they are released only to the landlord from whose plantation they came. There is, for example, the area from which refugees were placed in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg. This area comprises parts of five Mississippi counties and all of four others in which, according to the United States Census estimate for 1925, there resided 173,000 persons, of whom 80 per cent were Negroes. According to the Jackson, Mississippi, *Daily News* of April 30,

> General Green and Dr. Underwood on Friday detailed Dr. H. H. Boswell to visit several points in the delta in order to hasten the evacuation of refugee camps by explaining to the planters and business men that their labor will be protected from labor agents in all authorized camps. "General Green cannot be responsible for this matter in unauthorized camps," declared Dr. Underwood. . . . "It is believed that the principal reason why so many refugees remain in small camps, where it is impossible to protect their health, is on account of the fear of the planters that labor agents will seduce their labor to other parts of the State.
>
> "This has been absolutely prohibited from the beginning in authorized camps. All labor in authorized camps will be held and not allowed to go to other sections of the State, and after the flood danger has passed and conditions are such that they can resume work, they will be taken back to their homes in the various sections of the delta from which they came."

It is hardly necessary to add that the labor referred to is Negro labor. When I was at Vicksburg, I talked at length with General Green, who was most courteous to me. General Green, in command of the Mississippi National Guard troops, with headquarters at Vicksburg, explained to me the system by which a plantation-owner or his manager bearing credentials would come to the camp, identify "his Negroes," and then take these Negroes back to the plantation from which they came.

At Cleveland, Mississippi, a meeting was held on May 5 of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Relief Committee, with J. C. McMullen, director in charge of Red Cross Relief work at Cleveland. According to the Vicksburg *Evening Post* of May 5,

> . . . the matter of parties, covering a wide range of the delta section not overflowed, going to Cleveland with the view and purpose of being permitted to remove families from the camp and place them on their own plantations was thoroughly discussed and considered, with the result that the matter of releasing families or individuals to parties other than the one [with whom] they have previously contracted for the year was placed in the hands of V. W.

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Thomas. Mr. Thomas was instructed by the committee not to release any family or persons from the camp except on written consent of the landlord from whose plantation the laborers came or on the personal request or authorization of the landlord.

From a number of camps, among them that at the Fair Grounds at Memphis, I heard of Negroes eluding guards placed around their Negro camps and escaping to shift for themselves, choosing to forego food, shelter, clothing, and medical attention rather than go back to virtual slavery on the plantations from which the flood waters had driven them.

These instances are typical of many. Those in immediate charge of flood relief, whether wittingly or not, are, I believe, permitting the relief organizations to be used by plantation-owners further to enslave or at least to perpetuate peonage conditions in many parts of the flood area. The higher officials of the Red Cross, notably men like Dr. William R. Redden, Chief Medical Officer for the Red Cross, are resolutely opposed to such use of the disaster. There was, for example, the problem of giving relief to sufferers after they had returned to their homes, where Negroes or whites voluntarily chose to go back to the plantations from which they came. Obviously, the most economical and efficient method of distribution of such supplies in cases where there are fifty or a hundred or two hundred people residing on a plantation would be to turn over the supplies for the whole number to the plantation owner. Negroes feared any such plan, knowing that some of the landlords would claim to have paid for these supplies and would charge against the Negro beneficiaries all the supplies that had been given them. They took this matter up with the Red Cross officials, and the result was an order that no supplies be given in bulk—only to the individual sufferers.

Negroes in hundreds of cases were forced to work at the point of guns on the levees long after it was certain that the levees would break. Conscripted Negro labor did practically all of the hard and dangerous work in fighting the flood. Harrowing as many of these stories are, they are the almost inevitable products of a gigantic catastrophe and are part of the normal picture of the industrial and race situation in certain parts of the South. The greatest and most significant injustice is in the denial to Negroes of the right of free movement and of the privilege of selling their services to the highest bidder. That, if persisted in, would recreate and crystallize a new slavery almost as miserable as the old.

Shanghai—International Danger-Spot

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

Shanghai, May 14

WHETHER Shanghai will continue indefinitely to be an international danger-spot is a question not likely ever to be solved by local authority here or by the Diplomatic Body at Peking. A solution depends now on action outside of China; on decisions of the major Pacific Ocean Powers, or, if diplomatic sensibilities are observed, of the American, Japanese, British, French, and Italian governments. The situation provides an exceptional opportunity for remedial and constructive action of the Powers.

At the annual taxpayers' meeting of the Shanghai International Settlement held in April, 1926, a resolution to admit three Chinese members to the Municipal Council was adopted without dissent. One year later, at the next annual taxpayers' meeting in April, 1927, that resolution was mentioned only by implication and another conciliatory resolution of lesser consequence, to admit Chinese to public parks and open places of the municipality, was rejected. Speaking on an amendment to that resolution (to adopt it but postpone its enforcement) one taxpayer said: "I look upon this amendment as a resolution of surrender and fear. At the present time we should face the Chinese with no compromise."

In 1926 the attitude of our local government toward foreign and Chinese relationships in this port was outwardly one of compromise. In 1927 it openly was one of no compromise. No compromise is deadlock. If the impasse is to be removed the home governments will have to do it.

It is pertinent to repeat what I wrote in 1926 immediately after the taxpayers' meeting of that year:

> It is a departure, and a significant one, when the traditions of foreign position here are breached by inviting Chinese into the council. The action logically concedes two things: that the Chinese have a right to take part in government of foreign concessions in China and that they are competent to do so.

One knows that this proposal of the foreign taxpayers is not generous but was made because of fear of serious consequences otherwise. The average foreign taxpayer in Shanghai no more believes now than he did ten years ago that Chinese have a right to participate in government of this settlement or that they are competent to do so. That resolution was proposed and adopted as a gesture having two principal objects. One object is to placate the Chinese temporarily and avert a repetition of strikes, boycotts, and other modern forms of anti-foreignism. Another object is to create an impression in home countries that the municipal authorities here are doing all in their power to conciliate the Chinese, so if trouble comes the Powers will back them up.

Adoption of the resolution was "cut and dried." It was known beforehand that it would be passed. It was known also that Chinese would not accept the proffered representation. This was common knowledge for some time previous to the meeting. The day before the meeting and that morning the Chinese General Chambers of Commerce, representing Chinese opinion, published full-page advertisements in foreign and vernacular newspapers stating that anything less than full racial equality in the settlement and representation on the council proportionate to taxes paid by Chinese and foreigners would not be accepted by Chinese.

In pronouncements relating to this issue the humbug was not altogether on the part of the foreigners. The foreigners were offering less than they will give if forced into a corner. The Chinese are demanding more than they will take at a real showdown. Leading Chinese have told me that they will be satisfied, for the while, with equal representation. On the basis of the chambers' published manifesto the Chinese would have probably a five to one majority on the council.

In this connection it is interesting to reconsider briefly how the settlement has been governed in the past and how

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it is governed now. After administration was taken over from the British, American, and French consuls by a Municipal Council acting under "Land Regulations" (tantamount to a municipal charter) framed by ministers at Peking, it fell naturally under the domination of the "taipan" system. A taipan is head manager of a foreign "hong," or business firm. Separated by long distances from the home offices, taipans in China of the great mercantile houses, banks, and shipping companies wielded extraordinary influence and authority. They exercised a degree of control over their subordinates and employees that is unusual in Western countries. . . .

The International Settlement at Shanghai is today as much controlled by the taipan oligarchy as it was forty years ago. That statement probably will be contradicted, but it is true essentially. An analysis of candidates presented at the last election of the council shows plainly that, with one possible exception, all of them were nominees of the taipans. Within the oligarchy in later years are a number of powerful local institutions having extensive real property and other investments and by consequence affected by municipal policy and developments like road extensions and transit facilities. . . .

Therefore in Shanghai we know that when a resolution recommending that three Chinese will be admitted to the council was proposed and adopted at the annual ratepayers' meeting it was because the oligarchy willed that action.

Chinese know that also. They know further (which may be overlooked in home countries) that such a resolution of the taxpayers cannot become operative until the Diplomatic Body at Peking, acting under authority of the home governments and in consultation with the Foreign Office, will revise the Land Regulations to meet the occasion. That resolution in fact does not give the Chinese representation on the council; it merely discloses the opinion of taxpayers here. So if dilatory tactics among diplomats at Peking or in the foreign offices hold up revision of the Land Regulations for a year or two or indefinitely, that resolution will mean very little. It might be an empty gesture. Chinese so regard it, I believe.

The resolution passed in 1926 was duly forwarded to Peking, where it was pigeonholed. Nothing came of it, which probably is what was intended and expected by the government of this settlement. When so many Powers have a technical treaty interest in a matter like this it is hard to discover and trace diplomatic obstructive tactics. Revision of the Shanghai Land Regulations slumbers now in the Legation Quarter. The last revision was in 1881 and the Diplomatic Body at Peking did not approve it until 1898. I perceive a connection between that pocketing of reform of the Shanghai Land Regulations with measures taken by Chinese Nationalists since then to recover foreign residential areas elsewhere in China. Chinese think it is futile to go on trying to accomplish those reforms by customary diplomatic procedure.

In the International Settlement there is, on the Chinese side, an absolute-rendition party which demands that foreign authority here be abolished unconditionally. (That party, however, is not so vociferous since the fiasco of Chinese administration at Hankow.) Then there is a party which advocates Chinese membership on the Municipal Council in proportion to taxes paid by foreigners and Chinese. There is a party which asks for equal representation. And there is a conservative class which would be content if Chinese got three seats on the council to the foreigners' six. There is no Chinese element satisfied to have things remain as they are.

On the side of the foreigners there is a standpat element which bitterly opposes giving Chinese any part in government of the settlement. A minority of foreigners favors giving Chinese equal representation under limitations and safeguards. Very few foreigners are in favor of absolute rendition, although many believe that must be the outcome.

An effort was made a few years ago to compromise with the Chinese on this issue by creating what was called an advisory council. That advisory council was composed of Chinese selected by a Chinese taxpayers' association. Although Chinese accepted that plan then to the extent of appointing members, the advisory council's connection with administration of the settlement was perfunctory, and in a short time intelligent Chinese realized that they were in a position which seemed to give them representation in government of the settlement without giving them any power. Immediately after the shooting incident of May 30, 1925, the Chinese advisory council resigned in a body and it no longer exists except on paper.

A proposal advocated by some Chinese is that Chinese and foreigners vote for all candidates for the Municipal Council. That would be equivalent to giving Chinese control, for Chinese taxpayers far outnumber the foreigners, and by concentrating their votes they could elect an exclusively Chinese council, or if the Land Regulations required the election of some foreigners they might elect a certain type of foreigner by Chinese votes. Objectors to that plan point out the possibility that with an overwhelming majority of Chinese voters and a right of Chinese to vote for foreign candidates, the administration of this settlement quickly would descend to the lowest level of "graft" politics in Western cities.

International sentimentalism has no place in my observations and conclusions about Shanghai. Nor do I favor giving Chinese place and power in government of these foreign concessions from any undue confidence in their administrative capacity. The existing administration of these concessions has anomalies, incongruities, abuses, and some notorious corruptions; but the worst foreign administration here is at the present time likely to be better than the best Chinese administration.

Reform of administration here, like the entire question of treaty revision with China, is a matter of political expediency. It is a choice between disagreeable alternatives. My prejudice is for the foreigners. But my political judgment is that in the long run the position of foreigners in China and the relations of foreign nations with this country will be improved by timely concessions to the new Chinese Nationalism. One sees that in many instances the results of Chinese administration of modern public institutions and facilities are disappointing and that foreigners suffer along with Chinese (but in lesser degree) from those failures. I do not conclude from some immediate results of Chinese municipal administration at Hankow and elsewhere that the broad course of events will change. Those results are due to conditions attending one phase of the revolution and are not characteristically Chinese. Chinese stable classes deplore them as much as foreigners do. If taken rightly the Communist episodes in municipal government can be made to react favorably in obtaining a satisfactory compromise at Shanghai.

Presence of foreign troops and naval forces here is chiefly responsible for the change of local foreign attitude toward municipal reform. When thrown on its own de-

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fensive resources the oligarchy was willing to talk compromise. Defended now by foreign forces at the expense of home governments and taxpayers, compromise must not be spoken of. And yet, since the troops are here and by all indications expect to remain indefinitely, their presence makes conditions easier for reform. With them on hand, foreigners here and the home governments do not appear to be acting under compulsion or fear in agreeing to readjustments. And after the reforms are operative the presence of troops will assure tranquillity and that radical Chinese elements will not attempt subversive measures. When the new regime gets organized and is running smoothly the troops can be gradually withdrawn.

The treaties that created these concessions assumed Chinese participation in their government. In 1864 the Diplomatic Body at Peking declared a policy regarding them in five articles, and Article V stated: "There shall be a Chinese element in the municipal system to whom reference shall be made, and assent obtained to any measure affecting Chinese residents." Demands of Chinese now for participation in government of the settlements revert to that provision.

Dr. Manley O. Hudson, professor of international law at Harvard University and associated with the League of Nations, visited Shanghai lately and spent more than a month studying conditions here. On departing he said:

> Much stress is now laid on the international character of the settlement. But my study of the situation has led me to think that its control is more international in name than in fact. The Consular Body has not enough authority to be called the real governing power. And it seems to me inevitable that the present degree of irresponsibility in the local government should not be permitted to continue indefinitely. It is neither responsible to the residents of Shanghai nor to the goverments of the Powers.

Dr. Hudson's observations are just and they confirm my own during many years' contact with conditions here. Actual government of this settlement is vested in the taipan oligarchy, which is predominantly British. It decides the by-laws (municipal ordinances) and police regulations under which we live here, usually without reference to any superior authority, and appeal from its decisions and acts is so difficult that it seldom is attempted and then never gets beyond Peking. I know of no case that has been appealed to home governments or courts in order to obtain a decision as to legality of by-laws and regulations enforced here.

Chinese taxpayers and responsible local organizations now have a committee waiting for a propitious time to discuss questions of municipal reform with the Municipal Council of the settlement or with the Consular Body. Apparently no one wants to talk with them. It is certain that the oligarchy and other beneficiaries of the system will fight reform with all their influence and power. But unless the home governments continue to provide troops to uphold the *status quo* reform is inevitable.

There are several plans to readjust administration of the foreign concessions at Shanghai. Some are visionary, others are advanced to camouflage diplomatic motives, some are practical enough. What is needed at once is for the Powers to take firm charge of matters here and appoint commissioners to work out, with the Chinese, an equitable solution.

These Modern Women

A Hotbed of Feminists

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the seventeenth and last of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. In an early issue of* The Nation *we will publish analyses of these articles by Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Joseph Collins, neurologist.*]

A VAGUE smell of olive oil and mama in bed—this combination always meant a new baby.

In our family it was one girl after another, which pleased me greatly, for I considered boys not only unaesthetic but extremely unnecessary creatures. Not so my father! Though fond and proud of his collection of incipient artists (they all drew as soon as they could hold a pencil), he was always a little piqued at the non-appearance of a son.

The sixth venture brought the desired result. A boy at last—a Muhr who would stay Muhr through all the mutabilities of life and marriage! I remember father on the night of this event—running busily up and down the stairs, his face swollen with toothache, but radiant with ineffable joy and triumph. Now his family was complete!

My father was too idealistic to face the fact that no artist could survive in a mediocre Middle Western village. True, New Swabia had a rich European background and a sturdy pioneer past, but the vitiating spirit of Main Street was already becoming evident, and after all that was what father had to combat.

He painted and decorated houses for a living and kept us in modest comfort. On Sundays he painted pictures in our attic *Malzimmer*. My mother, and even the half-peasant uncles and aunts "down at grandma's" had the aesthetic urge in some form or other—and I spent my earliest years in the serene belief that drawing and painting, like eating and sleeping, belonged to the universal and inevitable things of life.

My mother, who was a natural iconoclast, arranged our hair in unusual ways, refused to burden us with starched clothes, and considered shoes and stockings unnecessary in hot weather, Sundays included. Our Sundays were *gemütlich:* The mingled smell of paints and a Sunday cigar drifting down from the Malzimmer, *Zimmtkuchen* in the kitchen, and Sabbath chimes floating in to us from five directions. The latter gave us a vicarious feeling of sanctity, for we never went to church. We were not even christened. My parents, both Catholic Bohemians by birth, had deserted their faith in early youth and were now "nothing," as I was often forced to admit to my playmates. These children, safe in the folds of some church or other, informed me of our unfitness for heaven. I asked my father about it, and

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he said: "Nobody knows what will happen to us. Just do the best you know how and everything will be all right."

Somehow, we got away with all this. "It's all very well for the Muhrs," said the people, "because they're artist's children."

I had always regarded my father's delicate constitution as something which went with his being an artist, much like his long slender fingers or his pointed beard. But as time went on, it could not be passed off in so romantic a fashion. It was easy to see that he was worried about it, too, and to make matters worse, after four years another child was born—a girl! Father was not much pleased. While mama was having the baby, he was in a neighboring town painting murals in a damp, unheated church. When he returned, he was forced to stop working and put to bed. On the baby's first birthday he was buried.

We felt dazed and helpless. Father had been unable to work during that last year—all we had was the house and his insurance amounting to a thousand dollars. "You'll have to take in washing," mother was told, "and Senta, of course, must clerk in a store and support the family." But mother, after the strain of the past year, was too weary and ill to do even her own housework, and I could see that the few dollars I would earn as a clerk in a village store would never solve our problem. Besides I was needed at home to help with the housework and to take care of the baby. This I did, and by drawing place-cards and writing childrens' stories which I illustrated I earned about as much as the store job would have brought.

There followed years of struggle for us all. To me it was a jumble of housework, hungry children, endless wood-chopping, "drawing-fits," and adolescent sentimental moods —and a yearning for oysters and butter.

We determined that the title of the house should be kept clear and that we were never to get into debt. The insurance money was made to stretch over six years, so even with occasional donations, and eight dollars a month which the county allowed us for groceries, there was rarely enough food. Our meals were often pitiful—in retrospect, amusingly so. For instance, there was the famous "Dingle supper." Dingle was an old baker who sold us stale sugar-rolls—having a rancid taste—very cheap. A dime bought enough of these for a scanty supper, the sugar coating serving as a substitute for molasses—butter and jelly were to us the rarest luxuries. We ate Dingle rolls and nothing else.

It was a task to divide the food fairly between us, until we thought of putting it on the basis of a game of chance. After making seven equal divisions (mother always took a smaller share with the excuse that she was not growing any more), one of us numbered the portions mentally. Each child chose a number at random, and received the portion which that number represented. As there was no finding fault with one's own choice, everybody had to be satisfied. It might be supposed that the one who did the numbering could juggle the portions to her advantage, but no one thought of questioning her integrity. There is no way in which I can describe our extreme sense of honor in this matter, swearing on the Bible being a pale oath by comparison.

Among the donations we rejoiced in were other people's cast-off clothes. I often went blocks out of my way to avoid meeting the person whose contribution I happened to be wearing. We soon learned to remodel them beyond recognition, and became so expert that we were criticized for "dressing so swell." I could not stop drawing and reading and was made to feel guilty for that. "Senta could find something better to do than sit in the yard and read and draw all the time." We were finally completely crushed by these criticisms and regained our self-respect only when we were safely assembled in our funny tall house, where we drew, sang, and played games among ourselves. I think this self-sufficiency, in spite of our poverty, nettled the New Swabians.

After a year and a half at home I came, not without tears and fumbling, to an important conclusion. Things were looking hopeless, and it seemed to me that whether we were to swim and come out Muhrs, or sink and stay New Swabians forever, depended on a plunge—a high-school education for us all. To have planned this for the rest and sacrificed myself to the noble cause would have been preposterous enough in the eyes of the natives; but brazenly to include myself was nothing short of selfish; and it was, in a way. I was eager to help the family, to be sure, but how much of me did they really need—all? How much did I belong to myself? To what extent had I the right to ignore myself—not the physical part that walked around and worked, but that fiery thing inside which was always trying to get out and which made me draw so furiously? That was something to be considered, too. Hadn't papa told me? His last conscious words had been in regard to this very thing. "Senta," he had said faintly and with that utter-artist look in his eyes, "what papa has left undone, you'll have to do." And I had nodded my head, speechless with the sudden realization that he was dying and overwhelmed with the poignant drama of what was happening to me.

Now then, was not this a justification of my course? It was more than that—a rich legacy, a coat of mail, something to fight the world with! A defiance flashed into birth within me, "I must go to school again!" Mother was willing if I could see a way to do it. A few discerning people saw my point of view and even offered to help me. And so I went to high school, earning more than my way by drawing and writing stories as before, and giving many a day besides to household duties.

After graduating I taught country school for a year. The autumn after that, my oldest sister Barbara was ready to teach, which was fortunate, for in the meantime I had won a scholarship and was sent away to art school—not by the New Swabians, and not without the usual hints as to my selfishness from some of them. One favorite criticism was: "Why didn't she go on teaching school? Here she went and got a good education, and all for nothing!"

Art school brought cavaliers and the question of marriage. With my father as an example of one who had tried to combine art and a family (and with his family still on my hands!) I hesitated. My drawing fits were my greatest joy; and much as I liked men, I knew that art would always have to come first. I made the startling announcement that I would marry no man unless he would promise to run the house during my drawing moods and would excuse me from scrubbing floors. At the Y. W., where I was staying, the girls were horrified at my "unwomanly attitude" and thought I would make an unnatural wife. But the boys at school were merely amused, probably because they thought I would forget all about it when I found the right man.

During the next several years I had the good fortune to find another patron. I managed also to get friendly contributions for the family from various sources. Erda, the

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third Muhr, had just started teaching when our weary mother, who had been fading away before our eyes all these years, died. We must have looked as forlorn as we felt, for people really seemed to feel sorry for us. The children were well-behaved and rather pretty, and several childless couples offered to adopt them and give them "good homes." This would have simplified matters considerably but I could not accept—for, although the term "bourgeois" was not in my vocabulary at the time, I felt its meaning instinctively and revolted against it.

Then there were the Methodists who had long had a missionary eye on us and who finally saw a chance of rescuing the youngsters from my heathen clutches. In order to soften me toward their plan of taking the three youngest to their orphan asylum, they voted us five dollars' worth of groceries. I withheld my negative answer until the food was safely in my hands, my ethics at that desperate stage being that of the proverbial lioness and her cubs.

Instead of thus giving the children a chance to grow up in comfort I made a plan, precarious perhaps, but in my estimation not as "crazy" as people told me it was. I sold the house and moved the family to a big city. The children were delighted and said they would gladly put up with anything to get to a place where our poverty would not be known. We decided to use the house-money for rent, light, and fuel during the next six years. I, who was about to be sent East on another scholarship, would send what I could. Barbara and Erda, since they were escaping room rent by this plan, would take care of the food and clothing. The fourth Muhr, just finishing school, would keep house; and Erda, who had a knack for such things, would manage the family budget.

After coming to New York, I went through a long and agonized period of disillusionment. One fact after another was pushed down my throat, and it seemed as though I would never get through swallowing. The fact that one of my youthful love affairs was running into a somewhat sterner phase only bewildered me the more. What was one going to do about it? Homer, an incipient radical, was as shy of marriage as I was. Free love? The idea did not shock me, but it was hardly a solution if one planned to have babies.

Both courses seemed so extreme—was there no happy medium? With my room-mate's help I drew up an outline for a contract marriage, but I never even showed it to Homer and our problem remained unsolved. However, I lost no opportunity after that of asking the advice of almost everybody I met. Since most of these were men, I soon found myself in possession of an exceedingly liberal education in regard to men, women, and sex.

I pondered and wept over my new information, but there was no getting around it; "good old Mother Nature" was merciless, selfish, and deceitful—and above all, cruel to women. I began to wish I had been born a man. About the physical disadvantages of being a woman nothing could be done; but there were certain privileges which men possessed merely because of custom, and these it might be possible to capture and make one's own.

And babies? One day a well-known artist asked me what kind of drawings I was most interested in doing. I said promptly, "Children's illustrations."

"Oh," he said in mild disgust. "Women are always drawing children."

It made me a little angry; not so much with him as with myself. Was I just another one of those sentimentally maternal females? Why did I want children, anyway? Because I was interested in drawing and raising them, because I was curious to see what I would produce, and because I wanted to reinvest my aesthetic urge in another human being. And how did these reasons stack up against the one big urge to express myself in drawing and painting? This difficult debate with myself lasted for several years and ended with my conviction that if it came to a choice I was more interested in creating aesthetically than physically.

I am fond of men, and at first I was afraid that these new convictions might drive them away. In general, however, I was pleased to find that most of the men I met were not only willing to put up with but actually seemed to prefer this attitude in women.

Our family struggles are not over yet, but we have managed to keep afloat and, I believe, are coming out Muhrs. If papa had only known what a hotbed of feminists he was starting, he need not have worried so about having a boy; for, with one exception, all his daughters bid fair to remain Muhrs through all the mutabilities of life and marriage!

Adele, and the Swami, and I

By T. SWANN HARDING

IN the year of grace 1927, in the capital of this great republic, after generations of mental evolution and regardless of scientific progress, Adele and I heard the Swami. The Swami held forth in the largest auditorium in town; it seated some four thousand. No miserly church auditorium this. If you arrived at seven you got rather a good seat. But well before the Swami appeared in his opulent orange robe at eight there were no seats left at all and many had been turned away sorrowful. It was Sunday night, but, working against the combined competition of the movies, the legitimate theaters, and the churches, the Swami filled this enormous hall with idolators, and had hundreds left over.

These people wanted something; otherwise, it is reasonable to suppose they would not have been here. They got what they wanted; otherwise, they would not have been here this night, when the Swami had already held forth for two weeks. That they knew what they wanted and comprehended what they got—that is quite another matter.

Adele is rather a skeptical sort of person. Reared as she was in a bisectual family (half Roman-half Protestant) she views most religious exhibitions with an aloof superciliousness that faintly damns and vastly annoys the faithful. So it was rather astounding to me to witness her immediate surrender to the Swami. For she surrendered abjectly. Her lower jaw fell with the others; her eyes fixedly stared at the speaker; her face registered the appropriate emotions for Swami worship—adoration, adulation, satisfaction, progressive enlightenment—just like the other faces.

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The gentleman who introduced the Swami, a reformed Protestant minister, congratulated the audience upon its intelligence. Nor was he flattering. These persons were not mental riffraff in appearance. Instead, they were as irreproachable as the persons who attend recitals of classical music, operas, scientific lectures, and serious drama.

Then came the Swami. He was coppery dark. He was robust, "sweet" faced, much given to simplicity. It was unfortunate that he waddled rather than walked. His figure displayed obese rotundities that bode ill for longevity. His long black hair seemed some strange, anomalous barbarism in 1927. But his orange robe was splendor itself. Here was no thin, lugubrious, desiccated mystic and saint. For the Swami was over-nourished; he was very happy and he told anecdotes, some of which were reasonably new. But his dark eyes flashed mystery; his singsong chant in a strange tongue invoked awe; his assumption of tapping the great sources of cosmic energy inspired vague, powerful beliefs.

Like Dr. Crile of Cleveland, the Swami believes in the bipolar theory of life. The body is a battery. It is charged and rendered diseaseless, fatigueless, and successful by an inpouring of cosmic energy through the medulla oblongata. There is a minor difference in exegesis here, for Dr. Crile holds to the brain and the liver as the battery poles.

But before the Swami revealed his secret method he very kindly consented to quiver for us. He held up his arms and could make either fore or upper arm vibrate rapidly like a motor. Ladies were invited upon the stage to feel his arms quiver. They quivered at the silent command of his will. His thighs and calves would also vibrate and gentlemen were invited to feel these. His abdomen—but he did not invite anyone to be convinced about that. He could hold a plain sheet of paper in each outstretched hand and the paper quivered, too. There were murmurs of awe. This quivering was to the onlooking spectator of secular or profane mind decidedly analogous to the voluntary muscle jumping accomplished by certain females in our music halls and there called Oriental dancing. But it could not actually have been that. For parties of four were later invited to the platform to lay hands upon the Swami as he quivered, and lo they quivered also, but left him thereafter with a renewed sense of well-being and of fulness of life, and vastly contemptuous of their husbands. But that happened later.

Meanwhile the Swami spoke. He told interesting tales of his childhood and youth. He intimated that he was very old. He explained that cosmic forces had at various times produced money for him. He expounded the fatigueless life of success achieved by concentration, by establishing communion with the great cosmic reservoir of energy. He told of miracles in far-off India—of walking on the water, of leaving lessons unlearned and later learning them by instantaneous miracle—some useful, some trivial accomplishments. Always he voiced those great, roomy generalizations within which the private aspirations of his individual hearers could crawl, lie down in comfort, sleep, and dream contentedly. He made vague statements. His audience suffused these statements with vital meaning of their own and credited him.

There was much talk of happiness, diseaselessness, material success, scientific law, God, Jesus, and the great cosmic source of energy. There was never once anything concrete, specific, detailed. But it was intimated that such marvels would be revealed to an inner circle with $25 each to enable them to meet for twelve intimate personal contacts with the Swami in the rose room of the most expensive hotel in the city.

And meet they will. More generalities shall they have. Nor will there be complaint or suspicion of cupidity or of impotence on the part of the Swami. These students will assuredly get something which they sincerely believe to be the thing that they want, and they will go their way joyful and uplifted. Is that not enough to condone the Swami?

For there is a great yearning abroad. A civilization which offers greed, success, desperate economic struggle, and material satisfaction, but which denies mysticism, does not offer enough. These Swami idolators are usually Protestants, or renegade Protestants. They are not Roman Catholics. As the Protestant churches have gradually surrendered the awe, mystery, supernaturalism, and passion for unity which are the red meat of religion they have lost their hold on the masses.

These people have been driven to cheap fiction—in movies or magazines—which offers a sugared sentimentality to contrast with the harshness and bleak coldness of everyday life. They yearn. People who love art and literature and science and music; people who think and create do not search out Swamis; do not venerate obfuscated metaphysics. Nor are Swamis sought by people who adhere to dramatic, emotional, highly supernatural religions. But Protestantism, with its modernized austerity, has driven these poor souls forth to choose between movies and Swamis and yet it is cruel enough to want to close the Sunday amusements by law in order to compel these wanderers to return to the dismal sanctuary.

Swamis have their place in the scheme of things. Let us hope they are sincere Swamis—sincerely thinking that their ludicrous muscular twitchings do attest an attunement with the batteries wherein are stored the great cosmic energies. Let us hope that they actually cannot afford, for some occult but sound reason, to give their secret of life freely to the yearning multitudes who hang on their words and would have life more abundantly. Let us hope that they never laugh in their capacious sleeves at the credulity of these advanced, civilized, scientific Occidentals.

But Adele has always viewed religious bigotry as absurd. She has always rather pitied these dear, dogmatic people who tell her that this or that is the truth—I mean The Truth. And she has been inclined to twit them. So I thoughtlessly said, on leaving, something silly about mutual quivering as a guide to Truth. But Adele became offended at once. She declared that these were motor-like, health-producing vibrations, that the Swami was a dear, simple, altruistic soul with not an evil cell in his entire structure and that he had found The Truth.

But you ask what is that Truth? I should refer you to Adele, because she heard all twelve of the Swami's lectures and I but one. Yet he stated the Truth that Sunday night. Everyone said so. I heard it because I listened hard while I was awake. Yet all I can say is that you concentrate; then you get in tune with the great cosmic forces; then your muscles twitch and quiver; then you are fatigueless, you have a high immunity to every disease, you have become successful, and you know why you are on this earth and where you are headed.

And, as Adele says, the profoundest truths are, after all, the simplest.

See Pages iii, iv, and v

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In the Driftway

SUMMER having come at last the Drifter's uncle who, unlike his nephew, is fond of automobiles, has taken his 1921 Buick touring car, for which he paid $147.37 a year ago, out of its moth-balls and has begun his week-end roamings around the country. His net score to date is five punctures, one injured dog, and two mud-guards mashed, one by a noisy gentleman in traffic on Broadway, and the other anonymously in the first garage in which he left his car for the night. To his regret he again finds himself confronted with a road problem which he hoped would have disappeared by this time—the hitch-hiker. Nothing tries his democracy more than to go sailing by men and women waving frantically for a ride when he has three vacant seats in his car—for he almost never allows himself the luxury of a back seat driver. He cannot get away from the feeling that he has been supremely selfish in not giving a helping lift to the less fortunate who are pounding along the road. For the next two miles it spoils his enjoyment of the countryside, but then his other self asserts its opinion that there is no ethical problem involved and that there ought to be a society for the stern suppression of hitch-hikers rather than a display of the slightest friendliness.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's uncle admits that he was biased against hikers a number of years ago when he picked up two men on the road from Narragansett to Providence in a thick fog with rapidly increasing darkness, and asked them to pilot him to Providence since the main road was closed. The men piloted him with a vengeance and a couple of hours later he wound up in a dense wood, miles out of the way, in a heavily falling rain, stopped by a puncture. Then and there he recognized his folly. He was at the mercy of his guests on the back seat; they could have stripped him of all his belongings—when the joke would have been on them—and left him to spend the night there, twenty miles from nowhere. As it was he reached Providence safely about 1 a.m., thankful that his skin was unharmed and his small change untouched. That experience came back to him forcefully when two friends of his told him of their touring in the West, and their picking up a poor old woman who did not even signal for help. They could not bear to see her dragging herself along the road and so the mother and daughter stopped, placed her on the back seat and drove on. A few minutes later the daughter happened to look in the mirror only to find that the passenger had drawn a revolver from the bundle she was carrying and was pointing it directly at them as if in mortal dread of being kidnapped or attacked. Mother and daughter kept their composure and after much discussion in French drew up at a cross-roads and asked their passenger to alight. Muttering to herself and still holding the revolver in her shaking hand, she descended. No hitch-hikers are ever taken in by those good women, and unnecessary are the warnings of their insurance company that the courts have held the driver liable if there is any injury to a passenger who invited himself into the car.

* * * * *

STILL the Drifter's uncle recalls with pleasure long and interesting conversations with those he has picked up on the road, men, women, and children. They have given him delightful insights into their own mental processes; they have usually piloted him correctly when he did not know the roads, and they have added not a little to his knowledge by their descriptions of the territory he and they were passing through. But of all these passengers who have unexpectedly found their way into his car, one, a woman, stands out above all others. She stood at the foot of a long Devonshire hill, bent and old and worn, and carrying a huge parcel on her back. It was in the early days of automobiling when people still yelled "get a horse" and threw stones and hated the motor-tourist for the dust he created. The driver was a fine young Englishman who was much shocked when told to stop and pick up the old woman. Thereafter his pride came to his aid and he drove like the great artist that he was, swooping down one hillside at fifty miles and roaring up the next incline, the road being open and not another car appearing for an hour at a time. The old lady who must have been terrified at such speed on her first ride compressed her feelings until her destination was reached, a high-lying village miles away. As the car slowed down for the main street the people rushed to the windows to see the new-fangled contraption, only to recognize a neighbor and a friend on the front seat—Maria Smith come to town in the car of quality. Maria Smith said not a word, but straightened up, threw her shawl around her and assumed the haughty and disdainful mien of a blasé beauty to whom a motor car was an every day affair. To not one vocal greeting of the neighbors did she respond; to that she could not descend. Like a Queen of England, she bore herself with incredible dignity until the car stopped at the Grey Horse Inn. There she alighted, curtsied, and mumbled her thanks.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Jugoslavia and Albania

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The admirable and impartial article by Mr. G. E. R. Gedye on The Albanian Peril in your issue of April 27 was a clear and unbiased statement of existing conditions. The curse of Balkan politics has always been interference by non-Balkan Powers. For half a century the rival policies of Austria and Russia kept the peninsula in a turmoil. The one thing they desired in common was to prevent a Confederation of the Balkan States. Such a miracle did, temporarily at least, come about when, under the influence of their common hatred of the Turk, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece made an alliance and in 1912 took the field against the Ottoman Empire. If this Confederation could have been maintained and consolidated the whole course of European politics might have been changed.

After the World War for the first time in their history the Balkan states were, therefore, masters of their destinies. The Serbia of 1912, with its population of two and a half millions, had become the powerful Jugoslavia, with a population of nearly thirteen millions, and took her place as the leading nation in the peninsula. Jugoslavia saw the necessity of maintaining her complete independence at all costs and enunciated the principle of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples." This is the "Monroe Doctrine" of the peninsula and the Magna Charta of the future existence of Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania. Each undertakes to respect the independence of the others and to bar the door to interference from without.

In the past month or two the legend has been put forward in certain quarters that Jugoslavia, unfaithful to this doctrine, has designs on Albania and is plotting to seize that country. This is put forward as justification of Italy's action in establishing an Italian protectorate over that country.

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There could be no greater mistake. Jugoslavia has no intention of taking over 800,000 people, alien to her in blood, language, customs, and mentality. The Belgrade Government knows that it would only weaken Jugoslavia to take over the turbulent tribesmen of Albania, 90 per cent of whom can neither read nor write, and whose various clans are split up by bitter blood feuds.

Italy, on the other hand, plots aggression and aggrandizement. It is her ambition to replace Austria in the Balkan peninsula and reduce the various peoples to the position of vassal states. To do this she will undoubtedly revive the old Austro-Russian policy of intrigue and disunion, setting people against people for the greater glory of Italian imperialism.

New York, June 7 GORDON GORDON-SMITH

Mr. Kallen and Mr. Edman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend has sent me here a copy of *The Nation* of April 20, containing a review of my book "Why Religion," by Mr. Irwin Edman. I have read this review with great interest. Mr. Edman makes it fully, I might say passionately, clear that he does not like my book and that he cannot understand it, and he asserts, of course, that the fault is in me. I am sorry. I wish I might have pleased him. I wish the argument of the book had been clear to him. It seems to have offered no intellectual difficulties to many minds that Mr. Edman would regard as quite inferior, and this fact might justify the inference that the obscurity was due not so much to the exposition of the writer as to the emotions of the reader.

I will pass by the various remarks that may be due to emotional blindness or just ignorance—they are a reviewer's privilege—to take a point of general interest that is raised by Mr. Edman's animadversions on my diction. Mr. Edman asserts that I say things in a complicated and affected way when I could and ought to say them in a simple and unaffected way. He declares that I don't say what I mean: that I say "Judaist" when I mean "Jew," "conventual" when I mean "conventional," "formulary" when I mean "formula," "each development becomes a condition and circumstance for the exfoliation of others" when I mean "one thing leads to another."

These different expressions mean to me different things. To me a Judaist is a person who believes in Judaism. Such a person may or may not be a Jew. There are Jews who are not Judaists—perhaps Mr. Edman is such a Jew, and there are Jews who are Judaists. If Mr. Edman were more sensitive to shadings in the meaning of English words he would realize the difference between the suggestion of action in "conventual" and the suggestion of inertia in "conventional"; he would know that the almost proverbial "one thing leads to another" has a far poorer and more generalized content than the expression "each development, etc.," which indicates process, forms of causation, and one certain manner—exfoliation. Only loose and lazy habits of thought rationalized by a theory of style which mistakes the easiest way for the clearest, the least troublesome for the most precise, could make the astounding identifications Mr. Edman makes.

Years ago *The Nation* printed an article, Style and Meaning, in which I pointed out that words were instruments of classification as well as of designation and that their functions as meanings lie not in what they denote but in what they connote. "Salt," I said, denotes the same thing as "sodium chloride" but does not *mean* the same thing. For "salt" puts the familiar white powder in a setting of shops and dining-rooms, in a system of social and material relations quite other than those of the chemical laboratory, the drugstore, and the like in which "sodium chloride" sets it. I trust I may be forgiven for believing that what irks Mr. Edman in my style is not its pretense to elegance but its aim at precision.

Moscow, Russia, April 10 H. M. KALLEN

On the Evolution of the Psyche

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group of men and women here in New York have been meeting weekly at the Women's University Club for the past year or more, hearing and intensely enjoying a series of lecture-discussions on the evolution of the psyche in man. Many of the students are college graduates, a few are elderly people, and some come from far out in the suburbs, weather never interfering. What are they all seeking, and what maintains this interest? The explanation is only in part the teacher, a remarkable woman though she is, and versed in the art and science of the East and the West. Fundamental in the study is a comparison of the principal world religions, with the revelation of how perfectly they harmonize in their inner meanings and how woefully they have been distorted in their outer expression. No course could do more to adjust the individual within himself and to his fellow-men.

We know there are many craving just such an antidote to the poisonous influences in the environment; many, too, who are seeking deeper insight than their scientific or religious education has vouchsafed them. To those who have such interests we extend an invitation to communicate with the chairman of the group committee,

EDNA G. MULFORD

Women's University Club, New York, May 30

"C. O.'s" in the Civil War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Conscientious Objectors in the American Civil War" is the title of a study which I am making in the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. It would be of great assistance to me to learn of any letters, memoirs, or diaries which are known to any of your readers and which might throw additional light on this subject. Personal reminiscences would be of great interest if there are any who are willing to take the time to put them on paper.

Moylan, Pennsylvania, May 31 EDWARD N. WRIGHT

Contributors to This Issue

WALTER WHITE is assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

THOMAS F. MILLARD has been correspondent in China for the New York *Times* and *World*.

T. SWANN HARDING is a chemist who frequently contributes essays to the magazines.

HERBERT S. GORMAN is a poet, novelist, and critic.

POWERS HAPGOOD has worked in mines in the United States, Wales, France, Germany, and Russia.

LORINE PRUETTE is author of a life of G. Stanley Hall.

PIERRE LOVING is an American critic now living in France.

THOMAS COMPTON is an English journalist.

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* Russian correspondent.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY is president of the Science League of America.

D. N. BANNERJEA is a distinguished Indian now living in Italy.

See Pages iii, iv, and v

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Books and Plays

These for Your Hurt

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

These for your hurt—the day the willows flung
  Their wild green arms above a world that died
  In my still eyes, and your unbroken pride
Reared silently as some white shaft among
The withered graves of hours that stay unsung;
  And that dead minute when we met dry-eyed
  By the old beaches where the white birds cried
And found no speech in either trancéd tongue.

These for your hurt, and for my heart's allay—
  The memory of passion dark as blood,
The travail of Time's dubious delay,
  And hollow wash of that slow-mounting flood
Of pain that broke the brain's thin dikes and thrust
Your face, your breast back to the senseless dust.

One Against a Thousand

The Rock Dust Remedy. By Harry Phythyon. Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania: The Belle Vernon Agency. $2.

MR. PHYTHYON disagrees with the United States Bureau of Mines and almost all the articulate element in the coal industry with regard to the coal-dust menace and the rock-dust remedy. The Federal Bureau of Mines is generally regarded as a scientific institution and as one of the most eminent authorities on the safety of coal mines. It was created by Congress primarily to study the causes of our mine explosions and to find preventives for them. The bureau very quickly advanced the theory, which its directors derived from Great Britain, that our bituminous mine explosions have been mainly due to the explosibility of coal dust. The principal remedy it proposed was to render the coal dust inert by means of water or rock dust. Recently the bureau has centered its attention on the rock dusting of mines as the best method of preventing mine explosions and has waged a campaign to compel the rock dusting of all the bituminous mines in the country. It has been joined in this campaign by almost all the intellectual and articulate men connected with the mining industry, by the coal-mining journals, by the compensation-insurance companies, by organizations such as the American Association for Labor Legislation, and by the liberal magazines.

Who, then, is this man who stands one against a thousand, and why does he do so? Mr. Phythyon is surely entitled, perhaps far more than many intellectuals of the industry with whom he disagrees, to the term of expert. He not only is a graduate from college and from advanced schools of mining engineering, but has been a practical mining man for several decades. As a boy, before his college days, he worked for five years underground as a practical miner. Since then he has held positions as fire-boss, mine foreman, and superintendent in some of the most dangerous coal fields. He is today a State Mine Inspector in the bituminous fields of Pennsylvania, a position he has held for nearly fourteen years.

Impressive as the odds were against him, he has given one of the most reasonable and scientifically complete discussions of the coal-dust theory and rock-dust remedy, so far as I know, that have appeared in print. He is familiar with the studies of the Bureau of Mines and its experiments in coal-dust explosions at its experimental mine and laboratory at Bruceton. In his book he gives the case for the Bureau of Mines and then item by item proceeds to demolish it. He has not stopped, however, merely with destructive criticism. He has evidently written the book because, as it says, "the part played by coal dust in our mine explosions has been unduly magnified in the public mind to the neglect and discredit of causes and remedies of greater practical importance." He feels that "the coal-dust theory has served a long time as a smoke-screen and a strawman to defeat the purpose for which the Bureau of Mines was created," and that "when a mine explosion is blamed on the coal dust when it was due to faulty ventilation, operators are not prepared thereby to avoid other explosions." It is easy to see how the coal-dust theory would be welcome in this country; it reduces the odium attached to coal operators who have explosions.

Mr. Phythyon does not take the extreme position that coal dust can play no part whatsoever in mine explosions. His position, as distinct from that of the Bureau of Mines, is that coal dust alone, in the absence of explosive gas, will not make trouble. While he admits that coal dust is inflammable and will burn under certain conditions, he makes a distinction between an explosion and a mere conflagration of dust which will not extend beyond the source of heat. It is generally understood that approximately 5½ per cent of methane gas in a mine atmosphere, if ignited, is sufficient to cause an explosion. Mr. Phythyon believes that if fine, dry, bituminous coal dust is suspended in a mixture containing less than 5½ per cent of gas, an explosion may occur. His central idea is that coal dust helps to make a mine atmosphere explosive, when some explosive gas is present, by lowering the explosive limit of gas; and that coal dust itself, suspended in the air, will serve somewhat to extend a mine explosion. But he shows conclusively that mine explosions are not due to coal dust alone.

The main arguments that the author uses to sustain his case are taken from the source we would expect to furnish the best data—the coal mines. He gives a detailed history and explanation of many of our great mine disasters and near the end of his book presents three main facts which are incompatible with the coal-dust theory. First, explosions in gaseous mines are always started in the presence of explosive gas, and their extent and destructiveness are in proportion to the amount of gas that can reasonably be estimated to have accumulated when the explosion occurred. Second, mine explosions are nearly all local in character and die out in the presence of fresh air, whereas if coal dust were responsible one might reasonably expect explosions to reach the entire underground territory of mines where they have occurred. Third, in the entire mining history of Pennsylvania no major mine explosion has ever occurred in a strictly non-gaseous mine, although the non-gaseous mines outnumber many times the gaseous ones.

It is significant that since the appearance of Mr. Phythyon's book neither the Bureau of Mines nor the mining journals that were preaching the coal-dust theory and rock-dust remedy have taken issue with him. While they have not publicly indorsed the book, there is reason to believe that it has somewhat modified the views of some of them. For instance, *Coal Age* in its issue of November 11, 1926, says: "The change of attitude shows a general confidence in improved equipment and methods of ventilation, in permissible explosives, and in the last line of defense—rock dust." Mr. Phythyon would certainly not relegate rock dusting to a less important position than the last line of defense. He is not against rock dusting as such, but he insists that it should be kept in its proper place. In time to come, in my opinion, Mr. Phythyon's book will be considered as a classic in coal-mining literature. While it may appear to some as if it has merely served to cast a doubt over a brilliant advertising campaign of the Bureau of Mines, it must be pointed out that human life is at stake and that the acceptance of a mistaken theory and the stressing of secondary defenses as against primary ones may be the direct cause of further loss of life. The

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primary means of avoiding mine explosions is adequate and reliable ventilation to prevent gas from accumulating in explosive quantities. The undue stress accorded to rock dusting in the bureau's campaign not only induces neglect of ventilation but in some cases has evidently even tended to discredit it. The following amazing quotation is taken from what may well be an authorized statement of the Bureau of Mines in the Salt Lake City *Tribune* for March 12, 1926. So far as I know this has not been repudiated by the bureau: "The Bureau of Mines is convinced that neither ventilation nor water will prevent mine explosions. Ventilation particularly is ineffective, as tests have shown that explosions occur only when the dust is in motion, and ventilating fans therefore add to rather than diminish the danger." When a mine inspector like Mr. Phythyon squarely faces a government bureau which he thinks is endangering lives in the coal industry, the country should be glad that he has the courage to express his convictions.

POWERS HAPGOOD

The Posthumous Sumner

The Science of Society. By William Graham Sumner and Albert Galloway Keller. Volume I. Yale University Press. $4.

IN the whole literature of the social sciences there are few books to which magic can be ascribed. When William Graham Sumner was at work upon the volume which has become "The Science of Society" he wrote a chapter which ran away with him to the extent of 200,000 words. "Folkways," published in 1907, has run away with many a reader and has in these years established its claim as authentic magic. Sumner died in 1910, with his larger work still far from completed, leaving his notes, manuscript, and case material to his colleague, Albert G. Keller. The book, begun in 1899, is just now coming from the press in four large volumes, of which the first is here reviewed. The labor of love involved in working over the materials of a dead scientist is often an example of love's labor lost. It is pleasant to record that Professor Keller has built up out of his original materials a structure that is both admirable and noteworthy.

One of the distinctive features about anything Sumnerian is the solidity and naturalness of the approach. The reader is assured of the inductive method and he is assured of theories that can be traced to the basic phenomena of every-day life. The influence of Darwin and of Spencer is also to be counted on, and this first volume of the long-projected sociology does not differ in these respects from the other writings.

"The Science of Society" assumes a knowledge of evolution and starts off with "adjustment" as a keynote. It seeks the sense of societal customs and institutions and studies their expediency as adjustments in living, whether or not any conclusion can be drawn as to their origins. It starts out with two elements, man and land, and holds that the man-land ratio is at the basis of all society and itself determines the development of society. It is squarely against any instinct of the herd or of sociability, holding that the tendency to associate is acquired rather than inherited through the germ-plasm, and that association is another of those long-standing usages which, like "natural rights," are referred to "nature" because their origin is not known. Association has become a habit of mankind because of its high survival-value in the evolution of civilization; discipline and then more discipline are required to rear an acceptable member of society; men have to be driven to think in terms of society and very few come to do so. The child has to learn all those qualities which are indispensable to membership in society, and no form of association exists into which men can enter without sacrificing personal liberty. Nevertheless, the utilities of association are so manifold and decisive that the formation of society was a winning expedient in the art of living. Brotherly love has nothing to do with earl association; men quarreled and fought unless they were to broken or too cowardly. Only under civilization does the in dividual get away from violence; societies have not yet go away. Hostility and war are as primordial as poverty. Peac is not a natural boon, but a benefit to be striven for.

Hunger, love, vanity, and fear are the socializing force for they are the stimuli that drove men into society and hel them there. Those who developed association were the fit, an by their survival it prevailed. These socializing forces ar also the war-forces; actually they are what impel men to ac tion of any kind. Hunger is a long wave, imperative as n other force is. Problems of self-maintenance are very near t reality, and this is why adjustment of maintenance-ways i quicker and surer than adjustment of those belonging to self gratification, marriage, or religion. Sex-love is, compared wit hunger, unsteady, transitory, and violent. It is essentially passing thing, and no enduring human relationships have bee formed upon it alone. Out of hunger develop the maintenanc organizations of society, including the industrial, and out o love come the fundamental organizations of marriage and th family. Human society may then be defined as a group o human beings living in a cooperative effort to win subsistenc and to perpetuate the species. But there are other huma activities above those of maintenance which are not due t sex-love or ghost-fear. Such activities minister to self-gratifi cation, and the impulses behind them are vanity and the desir for pleasure.

Vanity and the desire for pleasure have not resulted i massive institutions such as property, government, or religion but they are significant and important. To vanity is attribute war for glory, ornamentation, and much of ceremonial—what ever aims at the display of superiorities in the individual o the group. Art falls into this group, as well as various othe forms of catering to the senses, reducing boredom, and makin life more interesting. Although such impulses are not indis pensable to society's maintenance or perpetuation they are ver strong and men may come to the point of overlooking neces sities in the search for luxuries. However, the development o activities of self-gratification depends upon an earlier develop ment of the maintenance-organization, for existence has to b assured before people can play or practice ostentation very much.

Ghost-fear is like vanity, a typically human product de pending upon association; it becomes a socializing force, for i holds men together; it is not so primordial as hunger and love for it cannot be explained by physiology. The fear of the supernatural causes men to develop joint methods of confront ing the supernatural menace, and these seem at times the strongest influence in the life of society, but each of the four great forces is likely to appear strongest when it is being intensively studied.

Proceeding from this basis in human impulses "The Science of Society" is divided into sections on self-maintenance, self-perpetuation, and self-gratification. Organization for self-maintenance appears the most complicated and important, being based upon hunger and fear and resulting in industrial organization, property, regulative organization, and religion. Self-perpetuation is of course concerned with marriage and the family, and self-gratification comprises a variety of uncoordinated forms of activity.

It is to be regretted that where so much is excellent the chapter on sex-specialization in labor should be filled with such twaddle. That the Greeks derived hysteria from the word meaning uterus is no excuse for our ignorantly continuing such an association of ideas. To say that "the female nervous system is less stable than the male, being more affectable and susceptible to neurasthenia, hallucinations, hypnotic influences, and hysteria," is almost as funny as to say that "one sex acts under high pressure, the other under low pressure; one revolts

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t monotony, the other takes naturally to routine; one shows restless pursuit of the new and untried, the other an 'organic onservatism.' " The chapter reads as though it might have been written twenty-five years ago, when such generalizations were in better odor among scientists than they are in these ater skeptical days.

This first volume of the "Science of Society" carries the study through capital, property, and appropriation of energies of fire, animals, and men, through war-groups and usages, development of government, class distinctions, group-control, and the antecedents of the state. The volume next to follow will be concerned entirely with religion, beginning with the very fruitful concept of the aleatory or "luck" element in human life. So far as the present volume goes we can see developing a carefully thought out, coherent, and useful system for inventorying the activities of society. It lacks inevitably the magic of the "Folkways", which is one of America's truly great books, but it is a real achievement in coordination and analysis. Whether the entire work will advance sociology as a science is a question not to be answered at this stage. The probabilities seem against it.

LORINE PRUETTE

Rimbaud

La Vie Aventureuse de Jean-Arthur Rimbaud. Par Jean-Marie Carré. Paris: Librairie Plon.

"WE only know what we have made: the mind gathers knowledge only in the act of creation," said an Italian philosopher, and this aphorism might well stand as a blazon for the poetry of Jean-Arthur Rimbaud. He was keen, cerebral, wilful, and he came to know the world because he created it afresh each time in his poems. He was bold, experimental, cross-grained—*fumiste reussi*, successful charlatan, was the summary epithet bestowed upon him by François Coppée. And yet, in the light of what has happened since his death in the realm of French poetry, he belongs undoubtedly in the front rank. For first-rate poetry dies a curious kind of death, but it dies into something new, overshadowing, and strange, and alchemizes, as it is itself in part altered by, the spirit of man brooding upon it. The great poem is never finished. It lives, perhaps, because it is always drawing collaborators to itself, and these collaborators are its audience from age to age.

The present biography, although it starts out to be a novel, tries as it goes along to deal suggestively with the centrifugal chaos of the poet's life which ultimately became order—a perverse sort of order, it is true—in his poetry. Miss Lowell, it will be remembered, attempted to do something along this line for Keats; M. Carré is more detached, and there is no macula of contemporary fashion in his method. Rimbaud led a pugnacious, varicolored, free-lance existence, but if you examine it you will find that it was really harmonious with himself and amazingly cool-blooded. Unparalleled in the history of genius is his evolution from a precocious lad of sixteen, writing what may be called poetic dynamite, to the Eastern traveler, colporteur, soldier of fortune who subdued African natives, crossed deserts, and at last died, lonely, tended only by his sister, in Marseilles. He died in the arms of the church he had loathed and despised.

Rimbaud was born in Charleville in 1854. He was educated in the Catholic schools of the town. The most formidable ally of his youthful dreams and aspirations was his teacher, Izambard, who was a republican. Rimbaud imbibed the principles of republicanism from him. He became ferocious in his hatred of the church and used to chalk up on the church-door on Sunday mornings, just before the end of service, "Mort à Dieu!" He wrote feverishly. His earliest poems show a most astonishing gift for rabid imagery and a sense of rhythm that is harsh, and iconoclastic, but quite in keeping with the motion of his perturbed spirit. After the siege of Paris he sold his watch and bought a ticket for the capital. He made the acquaintance of André Gill, the caricaturist, slept on benches, on the quays, under bridges. On a second trip he met Banville, Gautier, and, above all, Verlaine, who was his most fervent admirer and—to put it mildly—his most sentimental friend. Upon the occasion of his first official appearance at a literary dinner he created a scandal by stabbing a fellow-writer with Verlaine's sword-cane. Later, he met Hugo, who could not deny the impulse to utter another immortal phrase: "C'est Shakespeare enfant." A little later Anatole France wrote: "We learned with surprise that a new Villon had come among us."

Oddly enough, although Rimbaud had the most profound influence on both the life and work of Verlaine (deranging the former and enriching most phenomenally the latter), Verlaine, on his part, wielded absolutely no power over his younger friend. Verlaine was an incurable sentimentalist, feeble and lachrymose, whereas, troubled in his own spirit and searching it drastically for crime, sickness, knowledge, and superhuman strength, Rimbaud appeared in all outward things self-centered, wilful, penetrating, and remorseless almost to the point of inhumanity. He had a baiting scorn for the diligent plodder, who, as he once put it, starts out from the horizon which has long been exhausted by the first-rate imaginative artist.

Both "Bateau Ivre" and "Saison d'Enfer" attest the sort of purgation which comes only from some deep inner experience. There can be no doubt of this. Audacious, impudent, incoherent at times, rich to excess, Rimbaud yet writes "poetic autobiography"; in "Saison d'Enfer" the prose is alive and burning. He was "ingenious," too, as has been frequently charged, and it is undeniable that he was touched with the malady of what has been called "ingeniosité ordurière." But there was also that in his spirit which could offset the unsavory details of his tumultuous life.

PIERRE LOVING

France by a Journalist

France. By Sisley Huddleston. The Modern World Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

IN the nature of Gaul Strabo saw proof of divine providence, and Sisley Huddleston, examining the same thing at this later date, also finds himself convinced of something or other —exactly what it is is difficult to ascertain. In his desperate impersonation of Jekyll and Hyde, however, he does succeed in confirming a suspicion that the inkstained eyewitness is no historian.

The book is divided into three parts: to the Second Empire, from Napoleon III to the World War, and from 1914 to the present day. It is difficult to understand how the writer of the latter sections produced the first part. Book I, under the title The Making of National Unity, is analytical history which never approaches harmony with the burden of its title, while the following portions belong to the rapidly increasing "Mirrors" library and are a valuable acquisition by that collection.

The Making of National Unity lurches forward with all the dramatic intensity of "The World Almanac," concessions being made, in form, to those of us who prefer their statistics in prose. We read: "In Algeria are nearly six million persons; in Tunisia two millions; in Morocco four and a half millions. . . ." And so on for a paragraph. However much effort one puts into the reading of these pages they refuse to live—perhaps it was not intended that they should—and yet they are slapped together in such a way that they are useless for reference. We are offered the scent of a topic and follow it a while only to be jerked off at a tangent and asked to peer through the gloom at something else. Dates, instead of being used as pins to tack the whole in place, are juggled back and forth, used for decoration, and repeated until they lose all significance. That the facts are painfully correct only adds to the pity of it all.

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We thought that Bagehot, for one, had traced the connective tissue of history and shown that all civilizations must run their infancy, childhood, and adolescence in proper order; finally developing into something rather remote from the heart's desire. Attacked by periodic illness they recover to gain additional strength or are left permanently scarred. "L'histoire des peuples est une échelle de misère dont les révolutions forment les différentes degrés" was how Chateaubriand summed it up. In God's good time the feudal rash breaks out and is scratched till it irritates. A few generations and it has concentrated in the great purple boil of royalty which, in time, is pricked for the good of the constitution and the general health of the body politic. And so on. . . . We thought all this was recognized, and yet here is Sisley Huddleston gaping in amazement when he finds traces of it in the history of his beloved France—the acknowledged prototype.

Is it fitting, in this day, to adopt the feigned surprise of a conjurer in pointing out that without Julius Caesar the France of today would be something else, that feudalism as a means to an end justified itself, or that Louis XIV really served a purpose? Le Roi Soleil, in forging the tool which sharpened the point of Sieyès's "L'état c'est nous" alone, vindicated himself completely.

How obviously the inconsistency of the contemporary stands out! How forbidding are individual trees in the modern end of the forest! We are told that from time to time in the story of France the call has been for a Man. In the glorious days gone by we find that some obliging, if sometimes inadequate, individual graciously responded; Henri IV, Richelieu, and Napoleon among others. If this has been so why scorn the possibility that the present day will produce a similar article to satisfy insistent demands? If France is not decadent —the which he insists—why is it so absurd for her to howl now for a Judge Landis?

Thus till times within the ken of living man. Here Mr. Huddleston is on his chosen ground as eyewitness, journalist, and gossip, and he satisfies. His thumbnail sketches of contemporary Frenchmen are worth the first two hundred pages and more. When "I write with personal knowledge, for my duties took me to France and kept me there in an exceptional post of observation . . . " he scores on every page and we feel that we are in the midst of it all. With him we rub shoulders with statesmen, politicians, musicians, artists, and writers and feel with him that that company offers good reasons for high hopes.

THOMAS COMPTON

Love and Work

Red Love. By Alexandra Kollontai. The Seven Arts Publishing Company. $2.50.

THIS is the eternal tragedy of the triangle with a Soviet Russian dressing. The modern Bolshevik background with the emerging new woman against it adds interest to what might otherwise have been only another novel.

Vassilisa is a young active Communist. In the early days of the revolution she falls in love with Volodya, a sparkling "American" anarchist, who has made peace with the Soviets and works for them. Theirs is the love born of broad mutual interest, of intense common labors, and, last and least, of sex. Vassilisa is a woman, but so devoted to the cause as to have no time and energy to be the woman Volodya needs. Periods of geographical separation intervene. He has "affairs." She is always the comrade and friend; sometimes the wife. But he loves Nina Constantinova, the very reverse of Vassilisa, amorous, bourgeois, unsocial, selfish, luxury-loving. For a period Volodya, who has become the well-paid and quite un-Communistic Soviet business manager, lives on with Vassilisa but loves Nina. Vasya suspects, then knows, and is jealous. (Communism hasn't changed such matters yet.) Vasya goes back to her own provincial town. She discovers that she is pregnant, is glad, and decides to bring up the child herself with the aid of the state. Vasya, absorbed in her party work discovers now that the bond of affection with Volodya is broken and, convinced that under such circumstances she has no claim on him—not even to support her baby—she writes in the true bigness of her spirit to Nina giving her benediction to the marriage of her former husband to his former mistress.

This is all very good, but I don't get the point. Judged as a literary production, "Red Love" surpasses expectations. There is some really fine writing in it which the translation has not spoiled. But why did Kollontai print such a thing? The most revolutionary doctrine she preaches is that of voluntarily giving up one's partner in marriage when love has disappeared. Of course, Kollontai has a philosophy of sexual relations which comes better to view in the original Russian "Love of Working Bees," where one finds the present story with two shorter ones. This philosophy is brought out somewhat too generally in a foreword—actually a postscript sent in from Mexico City. Love and family, Kollontai argues—and as one of Europe's leading feminists she merits as much attention as any suffragette—are sideshows in a man's life. He is judged by his job. The ambassadress advocates the same measuring-rod for women. A woman ought to be considered "good" or "bad" not because she does or does not conform to a certain set of bourgeois morals but according to whether she serves humanity and society. There is a life for women outside the kitchen and nursery and beyond love. Fine. But Kollontai has presented a bad illustration, for Vasya loves less the more she works. It need not be so.

LOUIS FISCHER

Popular Race Science

The Pulse of Progress. By Ellsworth Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

MR. HUNTINGTON assists, through innumerous books and magazine articles, in educating the mind of Demos by means of the popularization of science. Here he writes on migrations, farms and cities, nomads, weather and civilization, the effect of climate on history and on racial temperament, the fact of the social suicide of Russia, and the manner in which races are created and perpetuated; and finally he gives a résumé of all Jewish history, a sort of Haldeman-Julius size Graetz, with the addenda of biologic, geographic, and anthropologic footnotes. "The one thing at which we have aimed has been to give an example of how geography, migrations, and racial selection combine with genius, sociology, politics, religion, and other phases of human culture in explaining human history. Only by combining all these factors with even-handed impartiality can we understand the true philosophy of history."

Yet with all Mr. Huntington's large intention his understanding of the true philosophy of history is not, one suspects, always come at with quite the even-handed impartiality that he suggests. He makes it easy for himself, for instance, by assuming without controversy the superiority of the dominant white civilizations. The increasing complexity of mechanical inventions is equally taken for granted as the criterion of progress. His analysis of Russia's "suicide" is based on the tale of the two million executed—the flower of the country—and the more than two million that have fled the land since the war. This credulous acceptance of the statistics of the London *Times* as basis for a sociological study is, for a scientist of Mr. Huntington's repute, not quite good enough. Nor his hypothetical selection of four racial groups who are to be dumped on equal terms in the plains of northwestern Argentina —used evidently as a poser to prove that the London-bred Englishman will demonstrate his inherited racial superiority by coming out on top.

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In spite of Mr. Huntington's predilection for the tool-making, inventive male Nordic he confesses also to a fervent pro-Semitism—a psychic mechanism so rarely found that its analysis might prove of value. Mr. Huntington's Jewish chapters are the outgrowth of some talks given to Sunday-school teachers on the geography of Palestine. The geographer believes that the Jews are the greatest of all races and that they have become so by a process of rigid racial selection. According to Mr. Huntington, the Jewish Jews have from the beginning remained within the fold and have bred toward the religious temperament, attracting to their number non-Jews of a like temperament; the non-Jewish Jews—such perhaps as Heine, Marx, Felix Adler—have left. Just what Mr. Huntington would do, on this theory, with the streams of racial infiltration acquired through the spoliation of the Jewish women I do not know. Again on the basis of selection the author explains the supposed change from the ancient militaristic Jewish spirit to the passive and commercial one that has obtained during the Christian epoch. This radical divergence has been occasioned, says Mr. Huntington, by the fact that the Jews who were the fighters managed, by the very fact of their aggressiveness, to get themselves killed, whereas the ones who were not, emigrated and raised families. Surely this ought to be a simple enough explanation for anyone determined to apply the natural-selection theory to races.

Mr. Huntington gives a chapter to the "evolution of racial character." Those who question the existence of biological differences in the mentality of races he dismisses with the statement that they are "a relatively small group of scientific men, especially those who belong to races that are not dominant." This thrust—despite Palestine!—is evidently meant for Boas, Goldenweiser, Fishberg, Sapir, and some others. What, however, will Mr. Huntington do with Woodworth, Ripley, Haddon, Thomas? For these men, whatever their differences, agree in their skepticism as to "race types" and "race culture"; are wary, in view of the relatively small amount of verified data, of any sweeping generalizations on race; and are inclined to emphasize other factors.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

A New World of Science

La Plasmogenia. By Alfonso L. Herrera. Barcelona: Casa Editorial Maucci.

DR. A. L. HERRERA, head of the Administration of Biological Studies of the Mexican Government, is the Columbus of a new world. For twenty-six years or more he has been working on the problem of the origin of life, his researches culminating in the experimental production of artificial cells which display nearly all the salient characteristics of living protozoa. To the system or department of science resulting from these experiments he has given the name *plasmogeny*, and in his latest work—an impressive and beautifully illustrated volume of over four hundred pages—has developed it to cover its ramifications in almost every department of thought.

Postulating a "protobial realm" between the organic and the inorganic, a region in which life, given the necessary conditions, will arise from the non-living, Dr. Herrera traces the evolution of all living beings backward to the original stuff of the universe. This he calls the ether, and here lies the chief weakness of his scheme; in physics he is not so firmly grounded as in biology, and his estimate of the theory of relativity and its effect on the ether theory takes too little account of the actualities of the case. He seizes eagerly on the anti-Einsteinian results of the recent experiments of Professor Dayton Miller, whereas still more recent researches tend to confirm Einstein and to render the ether of the older physicists unnecessary. Moreover, Dr. Herrera's entire system could as easily be built up without the luminiferous ether as with it.

It is a fascinating story he tells as he relates plasmogeny to organic, inorganic, and biological chemistry; to cytology, histology, physiology, mineralogy, botany, and biology. In astronomy, as in physics, the conclusions are clouded by the dependence on a material ether. But the fine flower of the author's achievement blooms in his account of the philosophical and sociological aspects of his theory. It may easily be seen that a system which makes all life an unbroken chain must demand a complete revision not only of cosmology and the other material sciences but even more of our religious, philosophical, and social viewpoints. Thoroughly free from mystical prepossessions or supernatural atavisms, and heartily in accord with the forces seeking to civilize our so-called civilization, Dr. Herrera provides a scientific background and justification for those among us who dream of a world in which mutual aid will be the activating power.

There is nothing dogmatic about Dr. Herrera's assertions or speculations; he is thoroughly the scientist, presenting what he has discovered, drawing the logical conclusions, and offering the whole for the consideration of thinking men and women. These strange beings of his, compounds of common chemicals under simple, easily repeatable conditions, which grow, exhibit irritability, and reproduce, like the lowest order of living animals, challenge the world. The museum in his charge in Mexico City contains the only complete exhibit of them, but his results have been photographed and described many times, in several languages, by himself and others. They cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand; they exist, anyone can create them, and their creation is based upon years of study and research by a thoroughly trained and competent scientist. They must be explained—or accepted.

"La Plasmogenia" has not yet been translated into English, though it should be. But for the reader of Spanish—and one reader none too well grounded in that tongue can testify that its Spanish is clear and simple—here is one of the most fascinating volumes yet presented to the inquiring and receptive mind.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY

Books in Brief

I, the Jew. By Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

It will be recalled that Mr. Samuel not so long ago published a violent polemic, "You Gentiles," in which he attacked the Jewish Problem and the relationship between Jew and Gentile in bitter and uncompromising terms and with little regard for the polite amenities of the cult of the brotherhood of man. He declared that Jew and Gentile constituted races apart and lived in two mutually exclusive worlds. The tone of the book was such that a *posse comitatus* of anxious Jews and Gentiles organized to take Mr. Samuel in hand. His fantastic thesis was ridiculed as in plain contradiction of common sense, but as, above all, counter to all the implications of science. Mr. Samuel now comes forward with a sequel purporting to be a history of the evolution of his ideas. He is at pains to explain that he pursued the scientific ideal for a good many years but had to abandon it for his soul's salvation. In short, he gave science its chance. Yet he finally had to conclude not only that science is a poor guide through the problems of race and heredity and environment but that its importance in general is vastly overestimated. He offers an elaborate theory that life is full of "mysteries" and that these mysteries are from their very natures insoluble. Among them presumably is the growth and decay of cultures and the survival of the Jewish people. It is to be hoped that Mr. Samuel, now having rationalized his irrationalism, to at least his own satisfaction, will rest content. Others have loved the Jewish people, but Mr. Samuel is singular in the respect that he had to abjure science to do so.

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Roman Architecture. By G. T. Rivoira. Oxford University Press. $35.

The Oxford University Press has again put us all in its debt by making available, for the first time in English, the late G. T. Rivoira's monumental work on Roman architecture. Surely, there are few books in which intensive knowledge so triumphantly emerges from the fog of a literary style severe to the point of baldness, or from the haze of purely technical information that, handled less surely, would have been staggering. It is as if there were behind the writing of this book a passionate fire—not the fire of emotional or poetic inspiration but a kindred brilliance and heat of archaeological curiosity. Rivoira strips Roman architecture to its starkest skeleton. Not a word is here of Roman decoration, carving, painting; only Roman construction, Roman masonry bonds, brick stamps, vaulting methods, and in particular Roman domes. And as the history of a growing skill in masonry-vault technique unfolds in magnificent illustration and bald, crude language, it grows somehow itself exciting, takes on an epic quality, the story of man's conquest of a new kingdom. Yet Rivoira is not always to be believed uncritically. Behind his learning is a *parti-pris*, behind his archaeological passion the passion of the missionary. His knowledge is the servant of his ideals, his dreams; his dreams and his ideals are a confused shouting of the names Rome and Italy, Italy and Rome; no other part of the world shall be allowed credit for inventiveness; no province except an Italian province ever taught Rome. His is a learning arrogant with the same modernistic nationalism that has inspired D'Annunzio's later life.

History of the Origin and Establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal. By Alexandre Herculano. Translated by John C. Branner. Stanford University Press.

Alexandre Herculano, native of Lisbon, enjoys an enviable reputation as a scholar in his own country. His treatise on the Portuguese Inquisition was first printed in 1852 in three volumes. It clearly demonstrates that the Holy Office was introduced into Portugal in 1532 largely in order that the fanatical King João III might have an effective instrument at hand with which to wring moneys from the Jews. It tells the unedifying story of the bitter struggle which ensued between the King and the Pope over the control of the Inquisition—a struggle which terminated in 1547 by the firm establishment of the dread tribunal under royal control and without restrictions. No less scathing than Lea's is Herculano's verdict upon the Iberian Inquisition as "the most atrocious, most anti-Christian institution that human wickedness could invent." The translator has rendered the cumbrous Portuguese into readable English. Students of Hispanic history will welcome this substantial addition to the scanty literature in English concerning Portugal.

The Main Stream. By Stuart Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The last collection of critical essays by the late editor of *Books*, this volume shows that Mr. Sherman was continuing his vigorous and sensitive search for ground in American life and letters upon which he could stand. That he has not found it does not prevent these essays from being rich with the critical character he had for years been forming.

The Diary of Elbridge Gerry, Jr. With a Preface and Footnotes by Claude G. Bowers. Foreword by Annette Townsend. Brentano's. $2.

The delightful journey of a Vice-President's son through the Middle States in 1813 is here restored to the record.

Hawkers and Walkers in Early America. By Richardson Wright. J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.50.

A wealth of information concerning itinerants of the pack and other denizens of the road, both in New England and further west.

The Feast of the Cannibals. By Barukh Jonas. Maumee, Ohio The Author. $2.

Mr. Jonas, who blue-prints his books and sells them himself, insists here, as everywhere throughout his work, upon the importance of the intellect in the affairs of man. He looks about him and finds very little mind being used, and so in his satire takes the hide off humanity for what he considers its own good. He is a direct and stimulating writer who seasons his amateur discourse with much true salt.

Selections, Collections, Series, and Reprints

Cicero: Tusculan Disputations. With an English Translation by J. E. King. *Polybius: The Histories.* Vols. V-VI Translated by W. R. Paton. *Hippocrates.* With an English Translation by E. T. Withington. Vol. III. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 each.

Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great. Selected and Translated by Richard Aldington. The Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature. Brentano's. $5

The House of the Green Shutters. By George Douglas Brown *Some Chinese Ghosts.* By Lafcadio Hearn. The Modern Library. The Modern Library Publishers. 95 cents each

Drama

Summary—II

IN all probability the future of the theater belongs to some form of drama capable of appealing to the imagination with a greater force than is possible within the limits of the realistic form. Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, and their contemporaries seem to have come nearer to exhausting the possibilities of the expository play than either they or their earliest admirers supposed, and it is a significant fact that no successor has equaled them. No dramatist who has emerged since their appearance could possibly be called *better* except in so far as he was radically *different*, and that fact alone is sufficient to suggest that the form received in their hands its highest possible development. Shaw himself has told us how the first touches of realism which he saw in the London theater produced in him a sense of elation, and many others could testify that when naturalism was new it had, paradoxically enough, a certain air of romantic daring which made things glamorous for the very reason that no factitious glamor was permitted to invest them. But the theater at its best is capable of more than a mere literal fidelity to life and a mere intellectual integrity. Realism does not utilize those capacities for producing illusion which constitute the theater's chief claim to consideration as a separate art; it does not provide either the actor, the director, or the designer with his most fruitful opportunities; and it may well be that future students will look back upon it as something whose chief value consisted in a certain discipline which it exercised. Thanks to it the shabby, shopworn imbecilities of the nineteenth-century drama were replaced by something which was at least entitled to intellectual respect, and the theater could once more be regarded as a possible medium for artistic expression. But only rarely, since that rehabilitation, has it risen to the heights of which it is capable, even though in the plays of O'Neill as well as in certain productions, notably those of the Theater Guild and the Neighborhood Playhouse, there have been moments which make not wholly absurd the hope that we may some day have here a dramatic art comparable in amplitude and sweep to that of the Elizabethans or the Greeks.

During the season just past we have not had either a play from O'Neill or any production equal in poetic richness to "The Dybbuk." Franz Werfel's "Juarez and Maximilian," performed by the Theater Guild Company, and "The Witch," translated by

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ohn Masefield from the Norwegian and played briefly at the Greenwich Village Theater, stand out as the two plays of the ear having the largest appeal to the imagination; but neither s supremely great or entirely satisfactory, and the extent to vhich we must still depend upon realistic pictures of contempo-ary life for the majority of our more profitable evenings in the heater is illustrated by the fact that the two most completely ealized efforts at playwriting which the season revealed were Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children" and Sidney How-ard's "The Silver Cord."

Both might be easily belittled from the standpoint of either the protagonist of imaginative drama or the more exacting even though friendly critic of the realistic school. Both deal in a fashion primarily argumentative with a contemporary social problem, and both reveal traces of a facile, shallow technique learned in the Broadway show-shops; but both are nevertheless fundamentally honest and thoroughly shrewd so far as the larger issues are concerned. Mr. Howard's study of the effect of a pathological "mother-love" upon two young men is perhaps the most successful attempt yet made to use Freudian psychology as the basis for the exposition of character, and Mr. Anderson's sympathetic picture of the attitude of sophisticated youth vis-a-vis with marriage is singularly free from any kind of cant. Though both deal with large problems both lack that largeness of effect which only imaginative works of a different order can have and which therefore plays written within the limits of such realism must inevitably lack. Yet in the absence of fully developed drama of a different kind they are the plays which might understandably be called the "best" of the season.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

India and China

By D. N. BANNERJEA

IN March, 1927, Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, disallowed, in the exercise of his prerogative under the Government of India Act of 1921, the moving in the Indian Legislative Assembly of a Swarajist resolution on China. The resolution asked that Indian soldiers shall not be called upon to fight the Chinese on their own territory, and that the Government shall not thus seek for armed intervention in the internal affairs of a country striving to put its house in order. Apprehensions were also entertained in political circles in India that apart from the violation of Chinese neutrality implied in the dispatch of troops, the Indian Exchequer might be burdened with the cost of what in well-informed quarters is regarded as an unwarranted aggression. Fears have since been allayed by Lord Winterton's declaration in the House of Commons, in answer to the questions put by Labor M.P.'s, that no part of the expenditure incurred by the movement of the Indian army would be charged to Indian revenues.

Large sections of public opinion are inclined to believe, however, that the saving of expenditure does not and cannot atone for India's loss of honor. For what indignity, they all point out, can be more humiliating than to be compelled to mobilize the soldiers of the country against a people with whom we have no direct or indirect ground of controversy? And it is idle for the Government of India to pretend that they are unaware of a new spirit abroad in the East.

We are fully aware that the Imperialist may retort that troops are being sent to protect the life and property of British and Indian nationals in the International Settlements and not to wage war with the Chinese people. Our reply is that the same plausible reasons were given on previous occasions when the task of "protection" quickly degenerated into massacres of the Chinese, mulcting of their territory, and loot of their valuable property. Nor are we aware that any Indian merchants and business men have asked for the protection of troops. We run great risks in sending armies to the soil of another country. Trivial incidents or minor provocations on either side may unloose the flood-gates of passion and call out the vilest instincts which in the course of wars disfigure the annals of history.

The ideas and sentiments embodied in the Swarajist resolution were not the claptrap of political rowdyism as certain London papers tried to make out. On the contrary, they reflected a great deal of political sanity and of sympathy with the arduous struggles of the Chinese people for independence and national sovereignty. Nor let us forget that in all the indefensible opium wars against China, in the course of which concession after concession was wrung from the country at the point of the bayonet, Indian troops have invariably been employed by Great Britain for the promotion of her imperial ambitions in that unfortunate land. The capture of Hongkong, the annexing of Weihaiwei, "the International Settlements of Hankow and Shanghai" were all effected by the assistance of Indian soldiers.

Stripped of all diplomatic verbiage this means that the citizens of a country herself in a state of tutelage have been compelled to fight at the bidding of England to destroy the freedom of other countries with which India has had no direct ground of dispute. Such a process might have been tolerated when the flame of nationality burned low in India, but with the growing realization of political nationality there the attempts to use her troops beyond her borders will continue to be bitterly resented. India's intellectuals have lost all sympathy from countries which her soldiers have been called upon to subjugate or overawe at the instance of Great Britain.

But it is not only the emphatic repudiation of imperial adventures and armed intervention in the affairs of another country that is being energetically voiced in Indian political circles today. There are more fundamental and valid grounds of protest. In the first place there is a widespread opposition and revolt against the hegemony of European nations over Eastern countries, and for this reason the vicissitudes of the Chinese struggles are being watched with breathless interest all over the Orient. This interest is being enhanced and is gathering momentum because of the universal desire among the self-conscious elements in subject nationalities to rid themselves of what Mr. Asquith called "the intolerable degradation of a foreign yoke."

India is not alone in assuming a critical attitude toward the dispatch of troops to China. Japan has protested against the billeting of British troops in certain areas in Shanghai. The British Labor Party has denounced the policy of their own Government. Lord Parmoor has been suggesting a recourse to the League of Nations, on whose Council sits a Chinese delegate. If the Pekingese delegate has not proper credentials, another could be appointed who might be an authorized spokesman for his people.

The distinctive and essential elements in the Chinese struggles for unity and independence are not only the desire for the establishment of a central government with plenary authority but the abolition of all foreign privileges and control in their territory in the shape of capitulations and extraterritorial rights. The Chinese struggle for the abolition of these rights is being watched with a great deal of interest in Egypt and India. In Egypt, after the grant of partial independence, foreign European residents pay no taxes, though they have built up considerable fortunes in Cairo and Alexandria; they enjoy all the benefits of citizenship and in legal proceedings are tried by their own consular courts or by mixed tribunals.

In India public men are deported or interned for long periods without charge or trial under Regulation III of 1818 and other archaic repressive measures legalized by the passing of emergency acts. And yet if a single Englishman of the commercial or professional community were deported or interned without the aid of counsel and without a public trial, the agitation which would follow might threaten to shake the foundations of British rule in that country. The reason consists in the assumption that laws are to be administered in one way for the Oriental and in a radically different manner for privileged European oligarchies destined by high heaven to wield the scepter in the East. Speaking from his place in the Legislative Assembly in March, 1926, Pandit Motilal Nehru, the leader of the Swarajist Party, pointed out that "some of the noblest sons of India had been shut up in jails" without charge or trial. The reference was to political prisoners interned in the Mandalay Jail on police suspicion. These were originally 120. Some have gone mad, a few died in prison,

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others have been released to be kept under police surveillance, while a great many still lie interned, including the chief executive officer of the Calcutta cooperative. This gentleman, an honor graduate of Cambridge, has since been returned unopposed to the Legislative Assembly. Still the Government declines to release him, though the Swarajists have charged the Government with the violation of privilege in keeping him away from his place in the Assembly. Pandit Nehru warned the Government that unless it took great care it would find the whole country honeycombed with secret societies. On the conclusion of his speech he walked out of the Assembly with all his followers.

On this occasion, as on previous ones, the Government argued that a state of emergency existed analogous to a state of siege, when constitutional guaranties, Magna Charta, and the writ of habeas corpus must be suspended. The difference between the official point of view and the standpoint of all the political parties on this question is absolute. But these debates and discussions, the assertion of rights and demands for the redress of grievances are only incidents in the formulation of the demand for autonomy and self-determination. The days of foreign rule in Eastern lands are numbered. Imperialism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Only time is needed to seal its doom.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that the passive resistance and non-cooperation movement of Mahatma Gandhi had appreciable repercussions in China. And happenings in China are galvanizing hopes and aspirations in India, as they have done ever since the downfall of the Manchu dynasty. One has only to read the Indian newspapers as they comment on the advance of the Cantonese and on the program of the people's party to realize how pervasive this influence is. One has only to pass through the bazaars and market-places to hear the scraps of conversation carried on even by the uneducated. The burden of the subject is the same, a lively interest in the struggles of an Eastern neighbor for emancipation, social, political, and economic.

But what will happen in the event of a military intervention by the great Powers in China? The answer is quite simple. Not only will such an ill-starred attempt serve to unite the Pekingese and the Cantonese, but it will undoubtedly fan into a flame the smoldering fires of discontent in India. Such a policy will be interpreted as an attempt to continue that ascendancy over the internal and external affairs of Oriental countries which is becoming, in an increasing measure, intolerable to the Oriental consciousness.

Whatever the defects and shortcomings in the political ideals of Japan, the country has at least fought through to a recognized place in the comity of nations. With China and India politically stabilized and emancipated, there seems to be a high degree of probability that we shall have a real league of nations in the East, as Europe has a League of Nations in Geneva. Behind this cultural federation and this political alliance will be the desire for peace and development and not for war or aggression. We believe that prophecies of yellow peril will be proved to be only figments of the imagination. We also believe that freedom will contribute to the enriching of the cultures of the East, and that to an independent and adolescent East Europe and America will be welcome, not as masters but as friends.

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An American "Subject" in China

THE letter, extracts from which are printed below, was written by an American resident of Shanghai and appeared in the British-owned and controlled *North China Daily News*. It is now being reprinted throughout China.

The following remarkable letter is by the head of an important American firm in Shanghai. While we withhold names, the sentiments expressed are undoubtedly shared by the overwhelming mass of Americans in China.—[*Editor* North China Daily News.]

As Americans doing business in this country creating a market for our goods, we had cause to expect protection in our legitimate pursuits, but we received a very severe shock when the present difficulty first became acute in China, and there was very evident necessity for protection and a request was made that troops be sent to protect our interests. In reply we were informed by the American Consulate that if it became necessary for Americans to evacuate China, the Government would provide transportation to either Japan or the Philippines.

Imagine for one moment our feelings; the United States Government, one of the greatest if not the greatest nation in the world telling her subjects [*sic*] that it might be necessary for us to evacuate China. What disposition did the officials at Washington expect us to make of our interests? Did they expect us to turn it over to a howling mob? This attitude on the part of our Government held us up to ridicule by the subjects of other Powers interested in this part of the world, and not until very urgent demands were made upon our Government for protection did we receive any assurance that same would be given. . . .

Later it was unofficially announced that Senator Borah and his followers were dictating a policy of non-interference in China, with the result the President and the Secretary of State were in a political deadlock with the Borah faction. It is very regrettable that Senator Borah is the senior Senator on the Foreign Ways and Means Committee [*sic*] for his policy and radical utterances are a serious menace to the people of the United States, and most especially to its manufacturing interests and manufacturers interested in foreign trade. . . . This individual should be banished from active political life back to his Idaho wheat ranch and for the remainder of his natural life. . . .

It is pitiful the lack of knowledge that our would-be statesmen have regarding affairs of the moment in China. Senator Borah and others have made such ridiculous statements about the unjust treaties existing between China and other Powers that the people of various parts of the world and more especially the United States, are led to believe that we are treating the Chinese unjustly and holding them down, preventing them from enjoying their national aspirations, which is so far from the facts, and the actual situation is directly contrary to these statements. Senator Borah may know how to run a wheat ranch in Idaho and talk its people into sending him back to the United States Senate year after year, but he knows absolutely nothing about Oriental affairs.

Great Britain now has in the neighborhood of 10,000 troops stationed in the city of Shanghai, and I assure you that the first contingent of Indian troops arrived here just in time, for there is no question but what this city would have been taken by the radical Reds, fostered by Red Russian agents. As an American with considerable interests here, I surely feel grateful to Great Britain for the protection which we enjoy, living in the settlement guarded by her soldiers. This is a very pitiful situation that subjects of the United States should have to depend upon protection by a foreign government.

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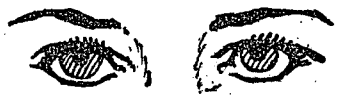

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